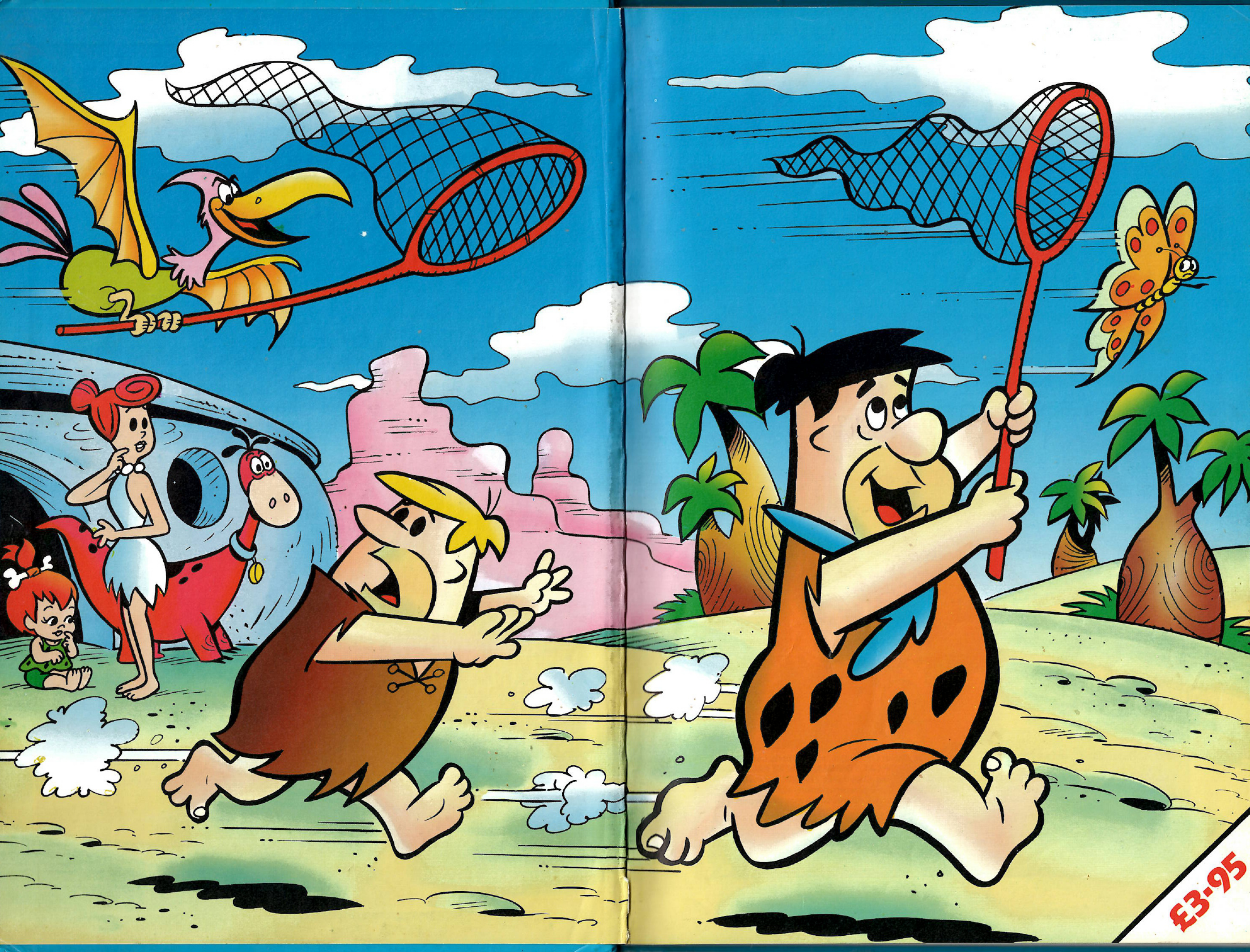
THE FLINTSTONES™ AND FRIENDS

ANNUAL

YOGI BEAR
DINO
TOP CAT
DINO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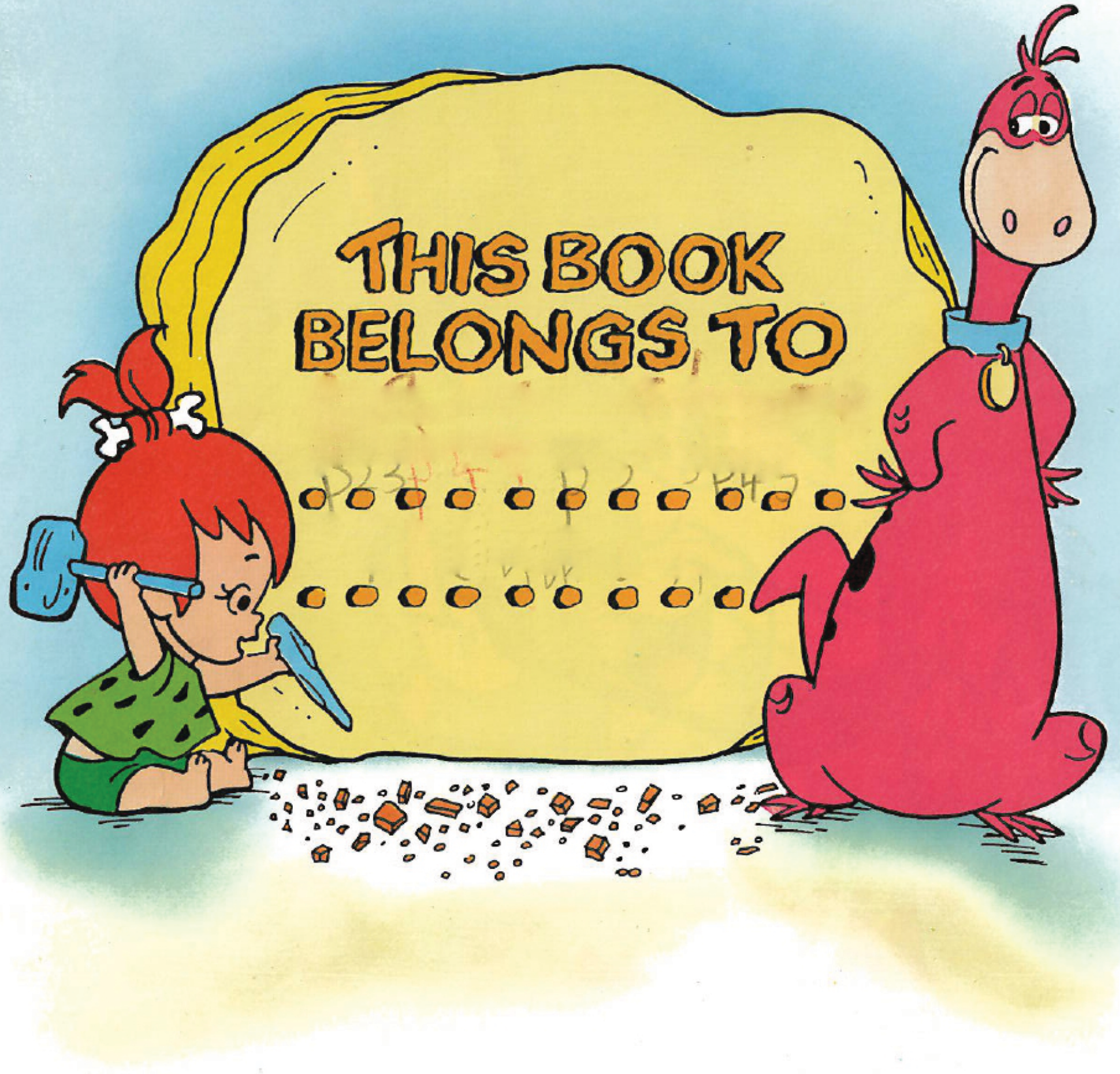
THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

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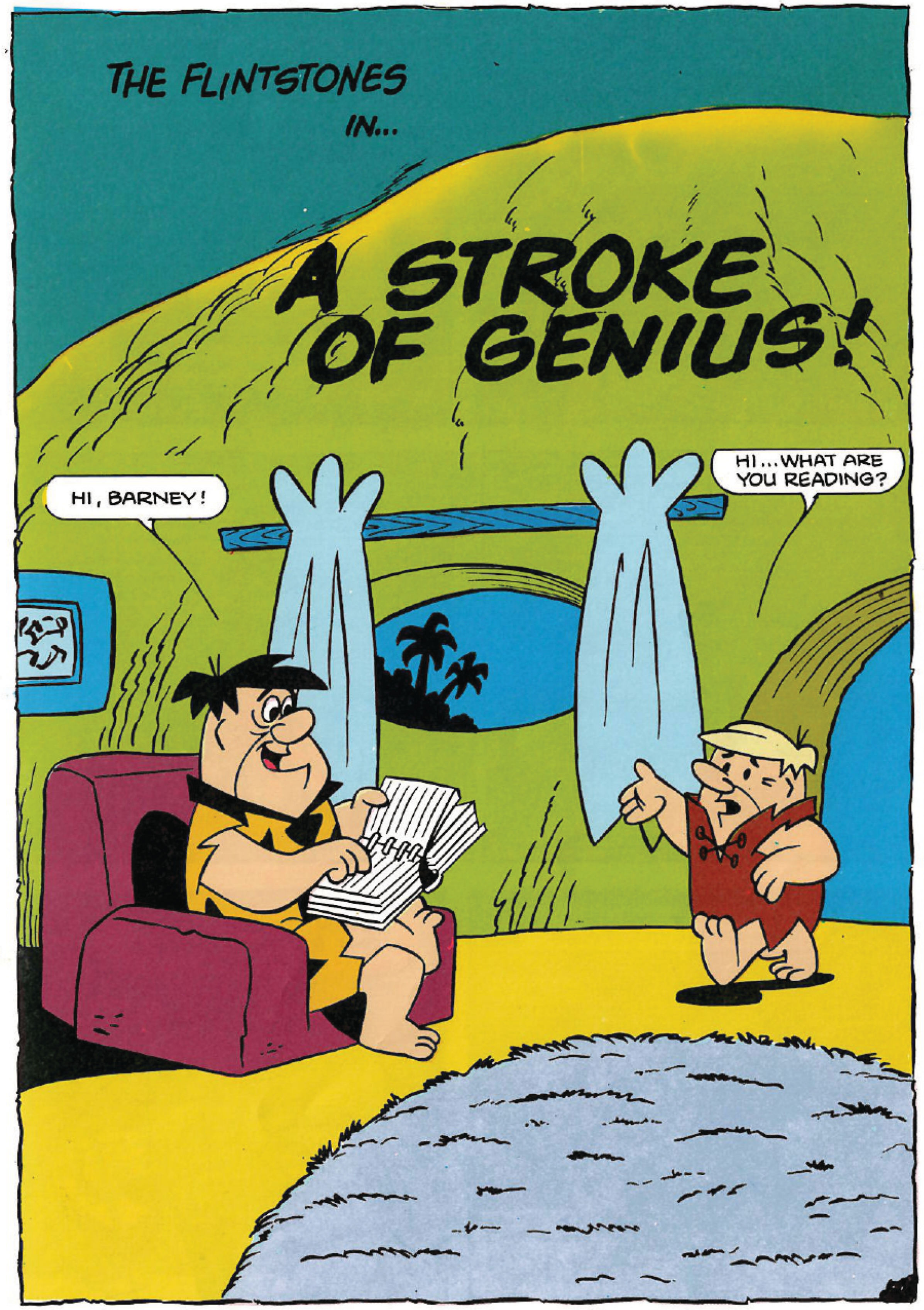
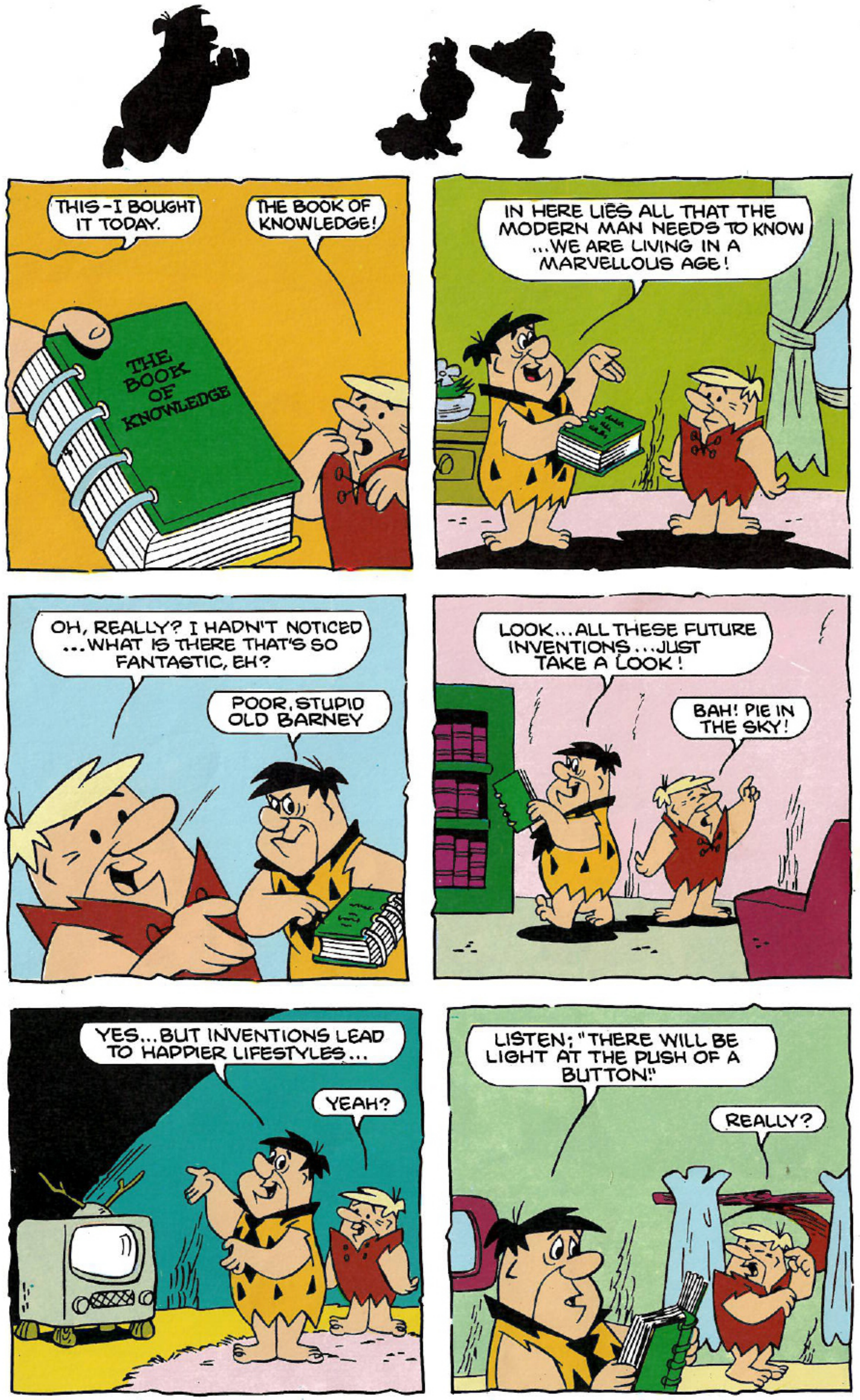
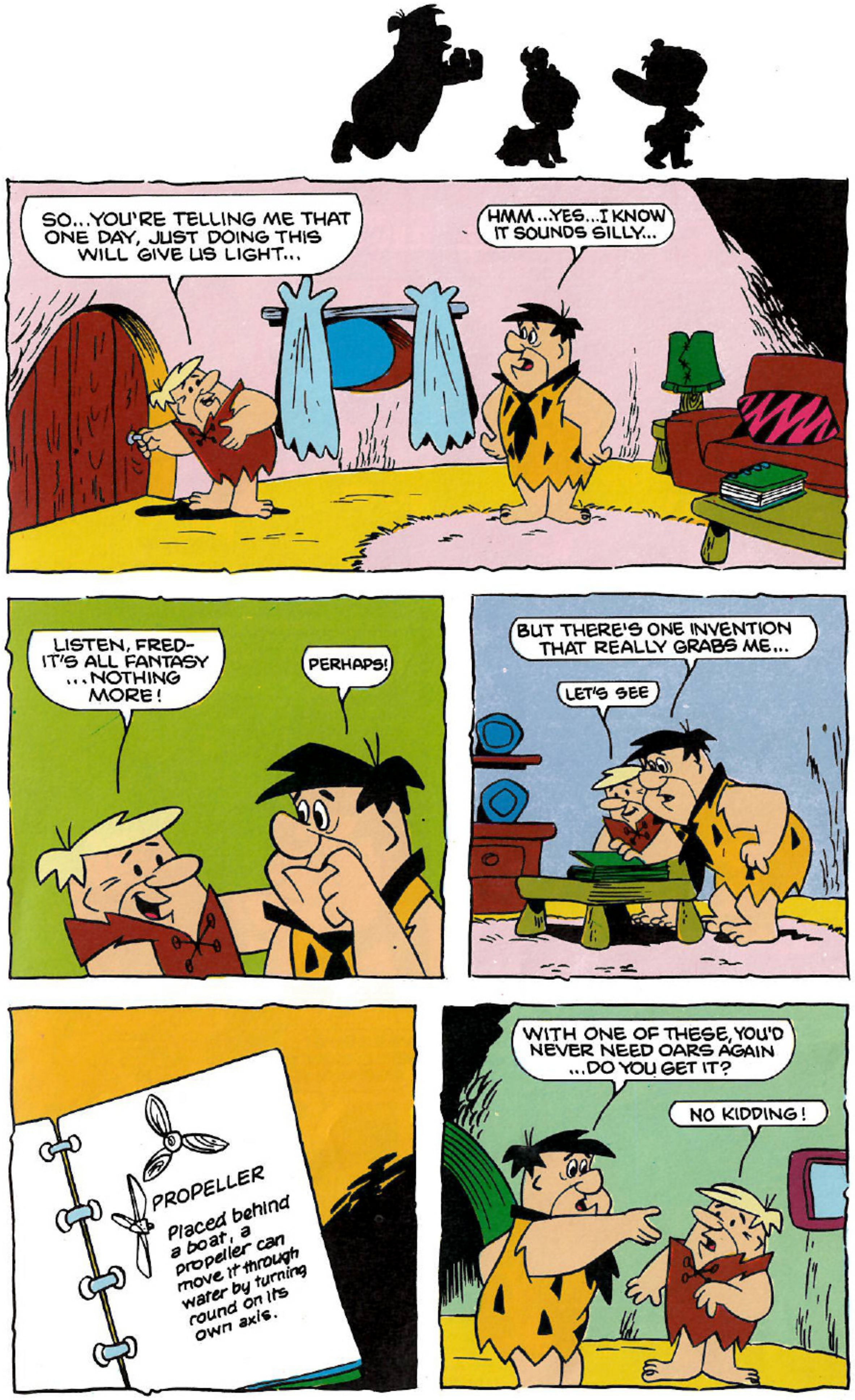
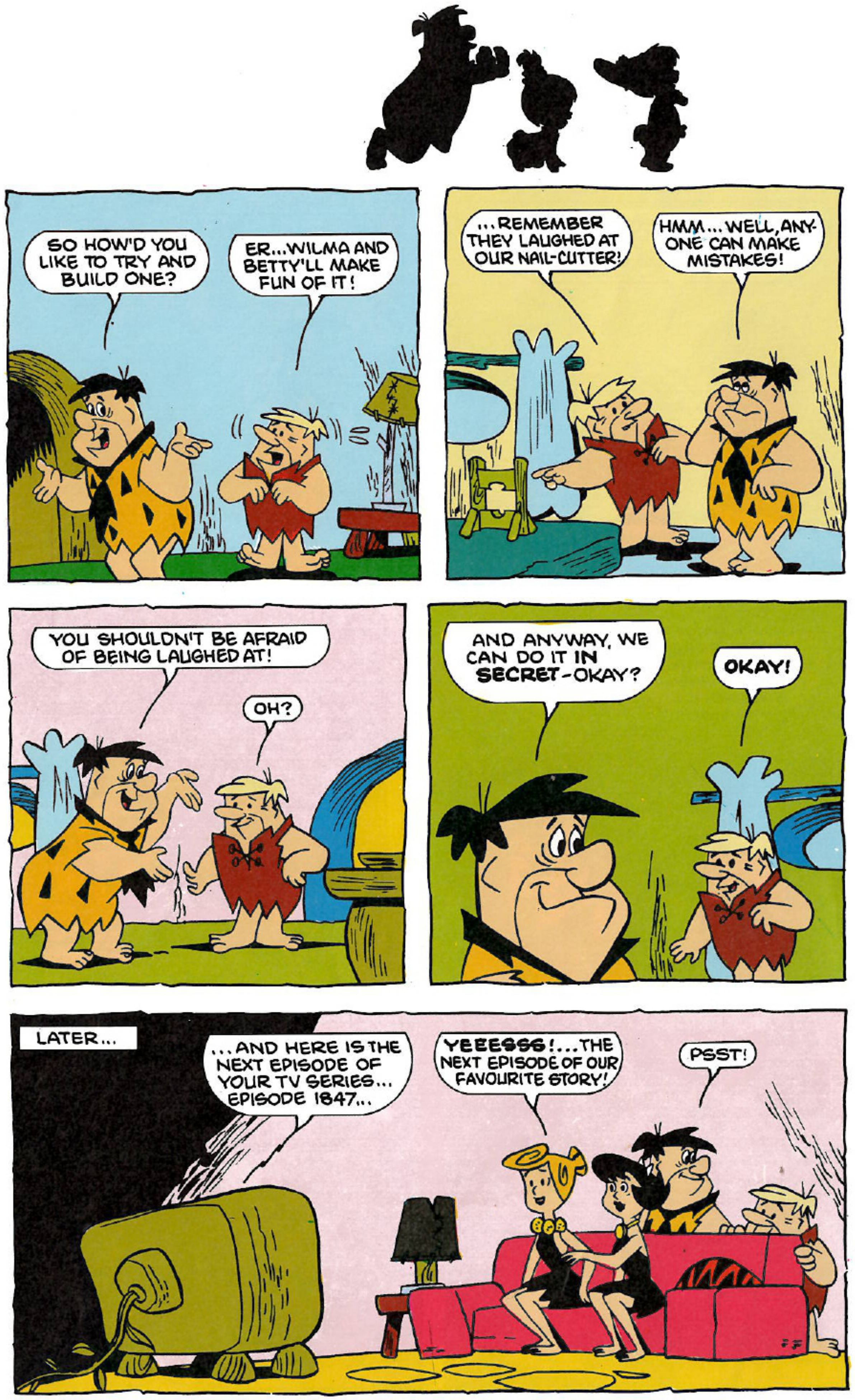
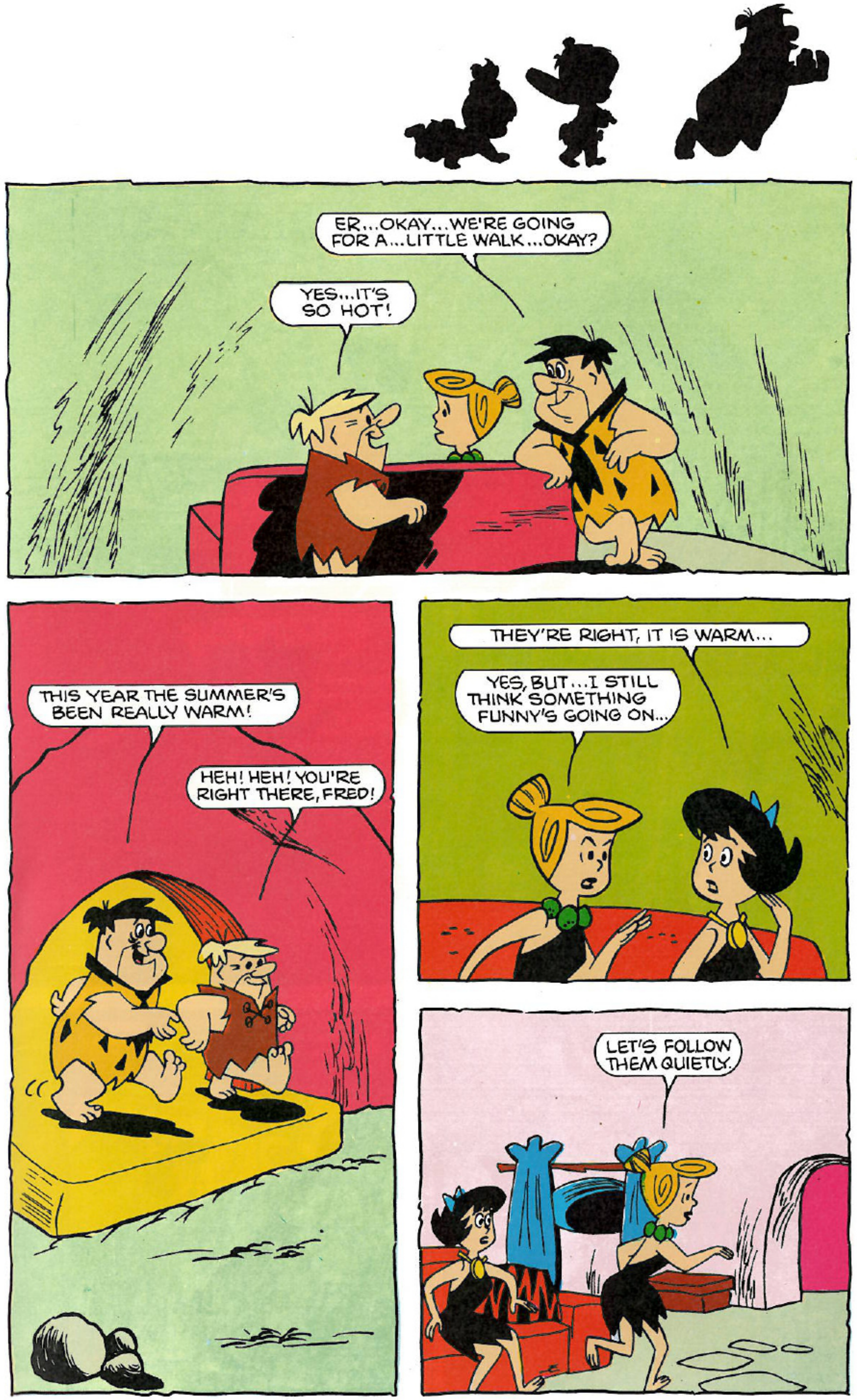
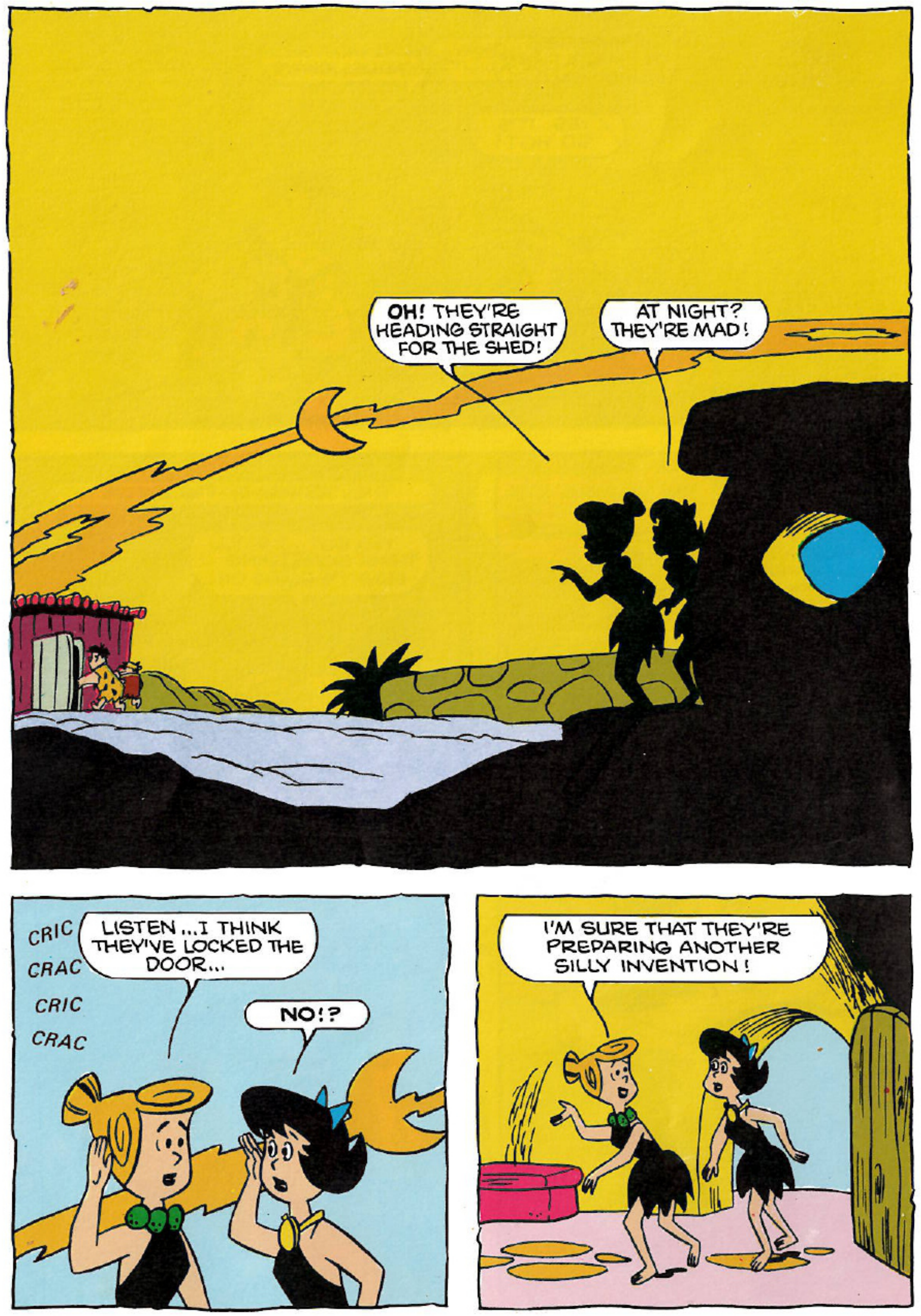

THE FLINTSTONES IN...
A STROKE OF GENIUS!
HI, BARNEY!
HI... WHAT ARE YOU READING?

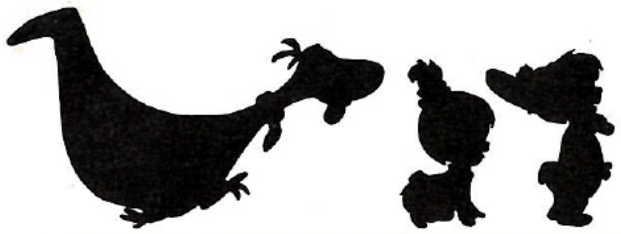

THIS-I BOUGHT IT TODAY.
THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE!
THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE
IN HERE LIES ALL THAT THE MODERN MAN NEEDS TO KNOW ...WE ARE LIVING IN A MARVELLOUS AGE!
OH, REALLY? I HADN'T NOTICED ...WHAT IS THERE THAT'S SO FANTASTIC, EH?
POOR, STUPID OLD BARNEY
LOOK...ALL THESE FUTURE INVENTIONS...JUST TAKE A LOOK!
BAH! PIE IN THE SKY!
YES...BUT INVENTIONS LEAD TO HAPPIER LIFESTYLES...
YEAH?
LISTEN; "THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE PUSH OF A BUTTON."
REALLY?

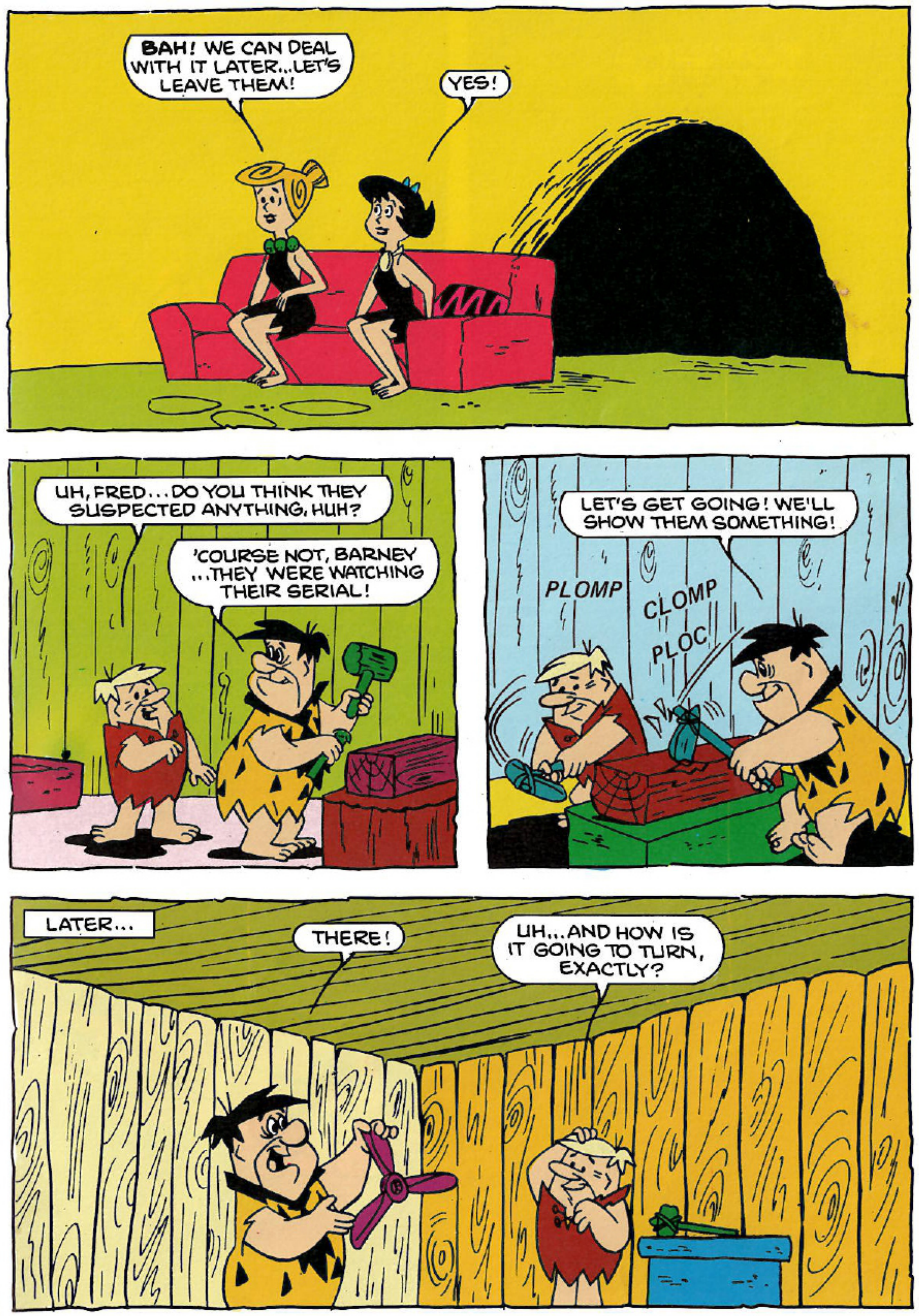

SO...YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT ONE DAY, JUST DOING THIS WILL GIVE US LIGHT...
HMM...YES...I KNOW IT SOUNDS SILLY...
LISTEN, FRED- IT'S ALL FANTASY ...NOTHING MORE!
PERHAPS!
BUT THERE'S ONE INVENTION THAT REALLY GRABS ME...
LET'S SEE
PROPELLER
Placed behind a boat, a propeller can move it through water by turning round on its own axis.
WITH ONE OF THESE, YOU'D NEVER NEED OARS AGAIN ...DO YOU GET IT?
NO KIDDING!

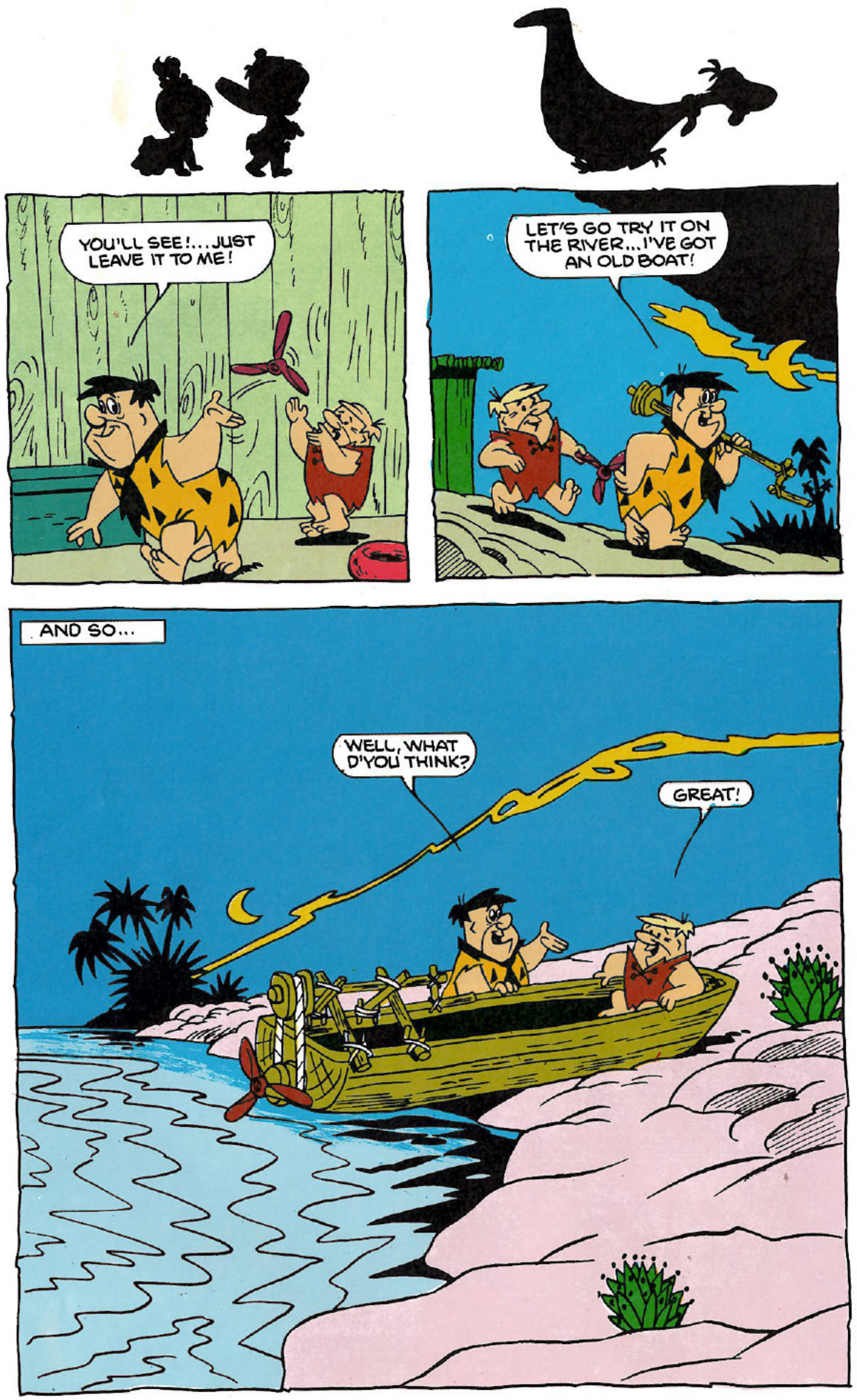

SO HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TRY AND BUILD ONE?
ER...WILMA AND BETTY'LL MAKE FUN OF IT!
...REMEMBER THEY LAUGHED AT OUR NAIL-CUTTER!
HMM...WELL, ANYONE CAN MAKE MISTAKES!
YOU SHOULDN'T BE AFRAID OF BEING LAUGHED AT!
OH?
AND ANYWAY, WE CAN DO IT IN SECRET - OKAY?
OKAY!
LATER...
...AND HERE IS THE NEXT EPISODE OF YOUR TV SERIES... EPISODE 1847...
YEEESSS!...THE NEXT EPISODE OF OUR FAVOURITE STORY!
PSST!

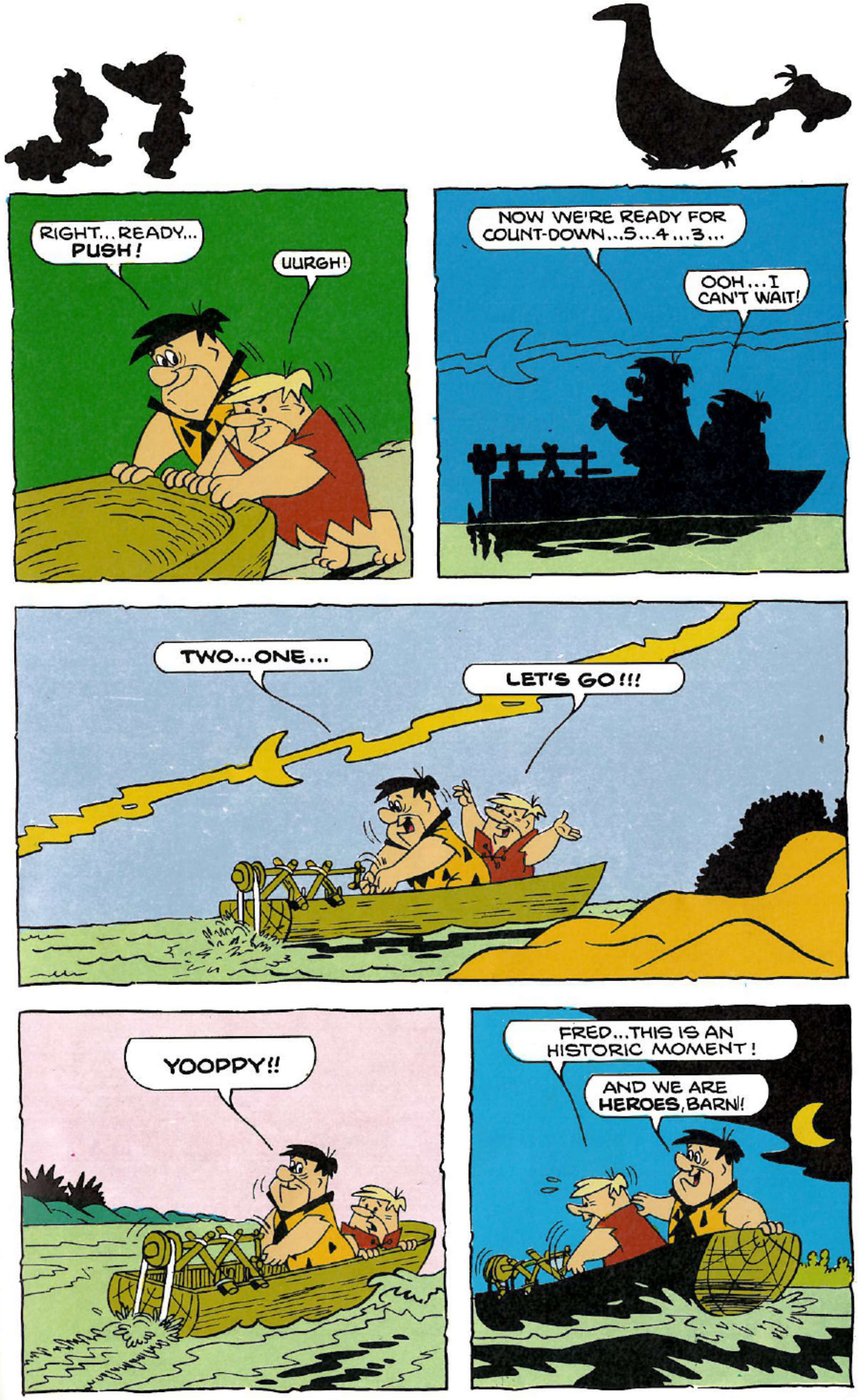

ER...OKAY...WE'RE GOING FOR A...LITTLE WALK...OKAY?
YES...IT'S SO HOT!
THIS YEAR THE SUMMER'S BEEN REALLY WARM!
HEH! HEH! YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, FRED!
THEY'RE RIGHT, IT IS WARM...
YES, BUT...I STILL THINK SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON...
LET'S FOLLOW THEM QUIETLY.

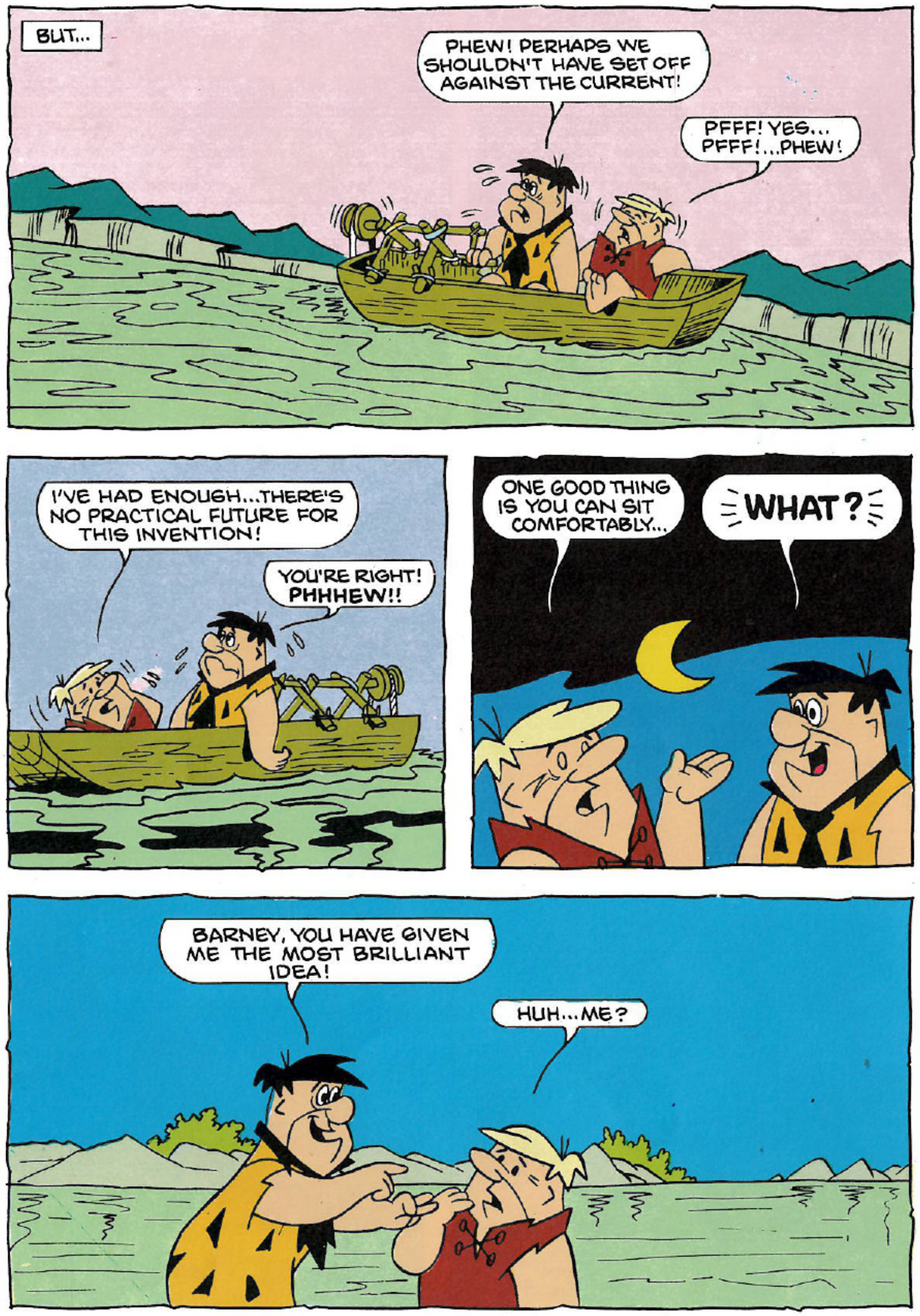

OH! THEY'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE SHED!
AT NIGHT? THEY'RE MAD!
CRIC
CRAC
CRIC
CRAC
LISTEN...I THINK THEY'VE LOCKED THE DOOR...
NO!?
I'M SURE THAT THEY'RE PREPARING ANOTHER SILLY INVENTION!

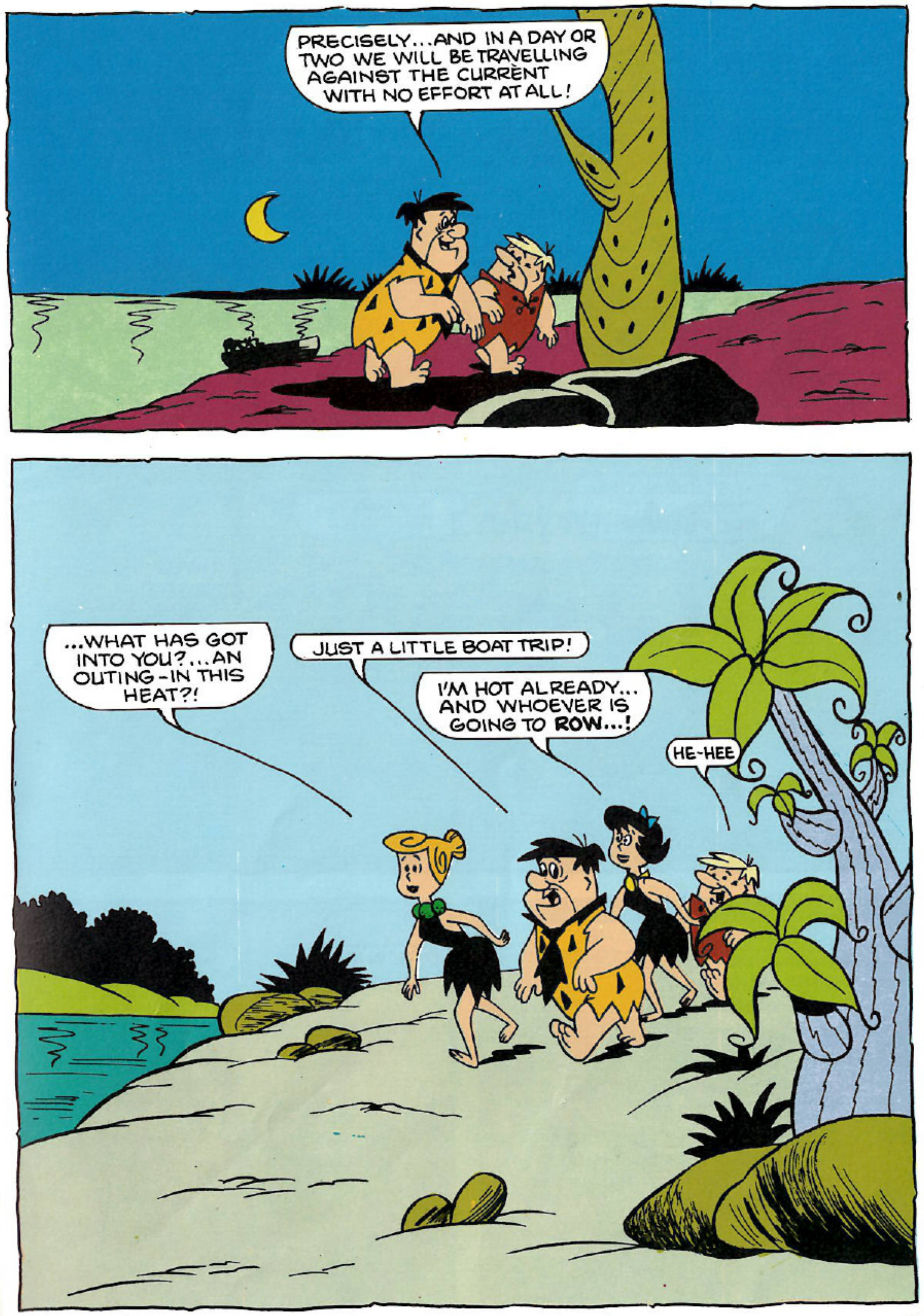


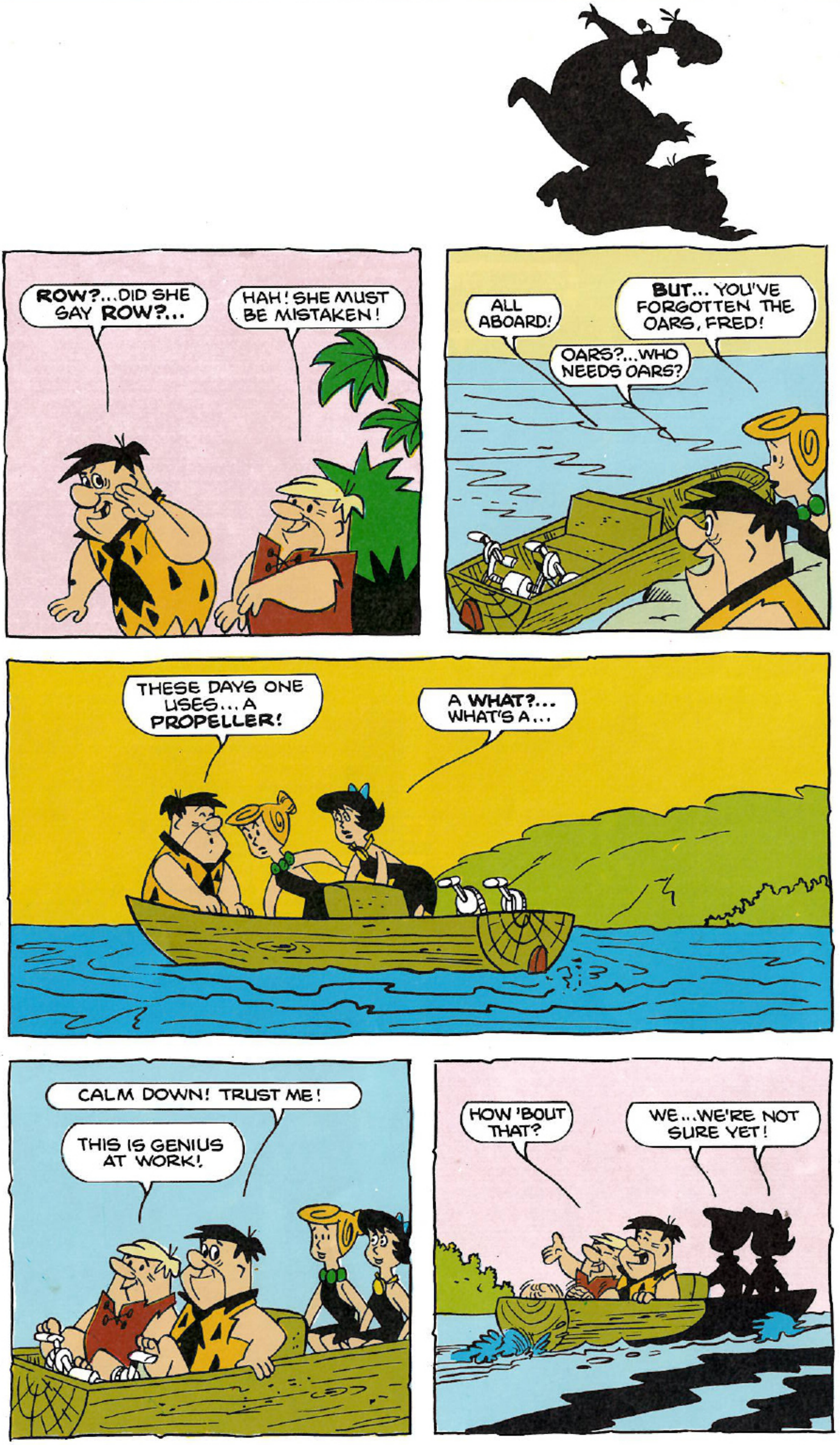

BAH! WE CAN DEAL WITH IT LATER...LET'S LEAVE THEM!
YES!
UH, FRED...DO YOU THINK THEY SUSPECTED ANYTHING, HUH?
'COURSE NOT, BARNEY ...THEY WERE WATCHING THEIR SERIAL!
LET'S GET GOING! WE'LL SHOW THEM SOMETHING!
PLOMP
CLOMP
PLOC
LATER...
THERE!
UH...AND HOW IS IT GOING TO TURN, EXACTLY?

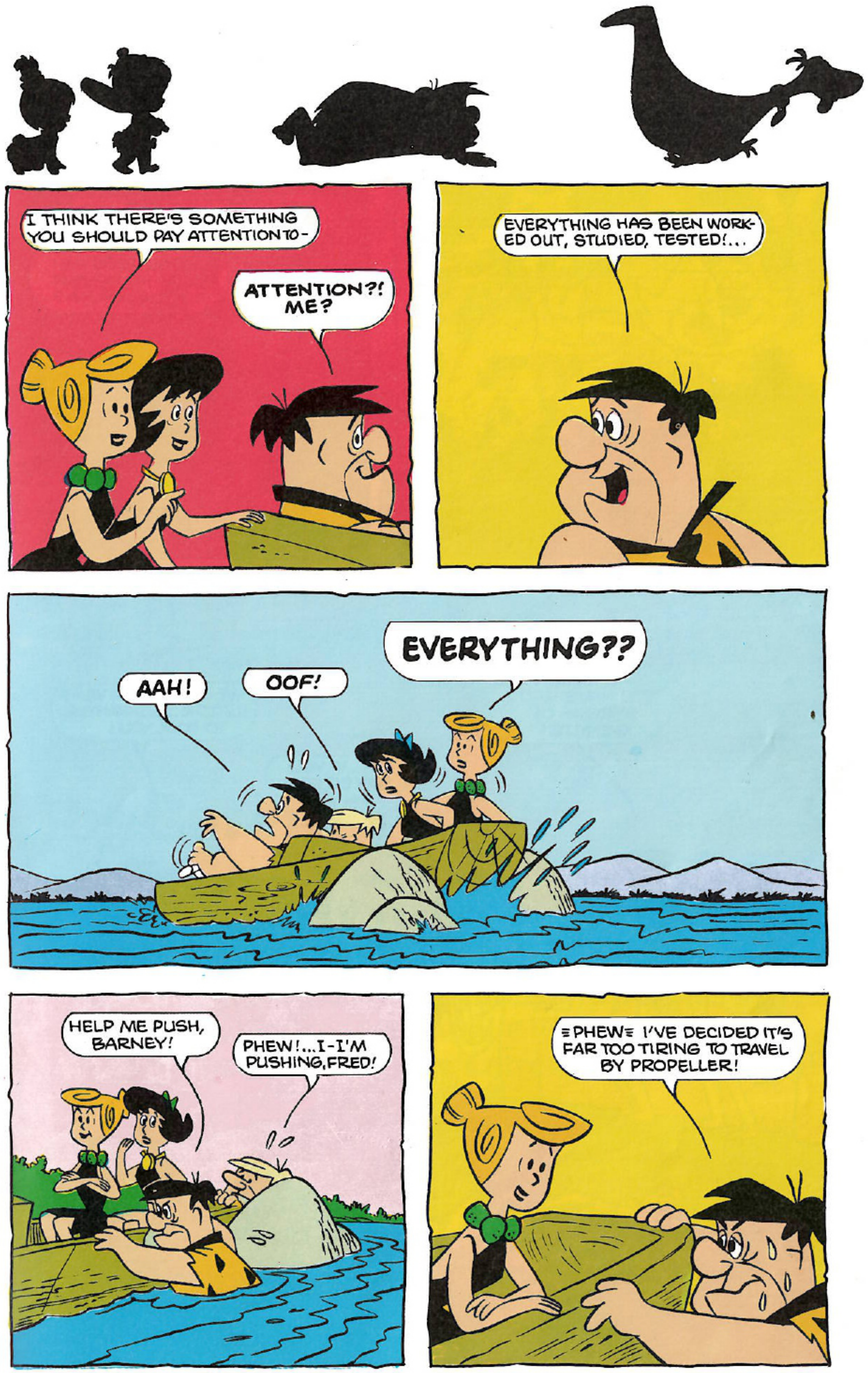

YOU'LL SEE!... JUST LEAVE IT TO ME!
LET'S GO TRY IT ON THE RIVER... I'VE GOT AN OLD BOAT!
AND SO...
WELL, WHAT D'YOU THINK?
GREAT!

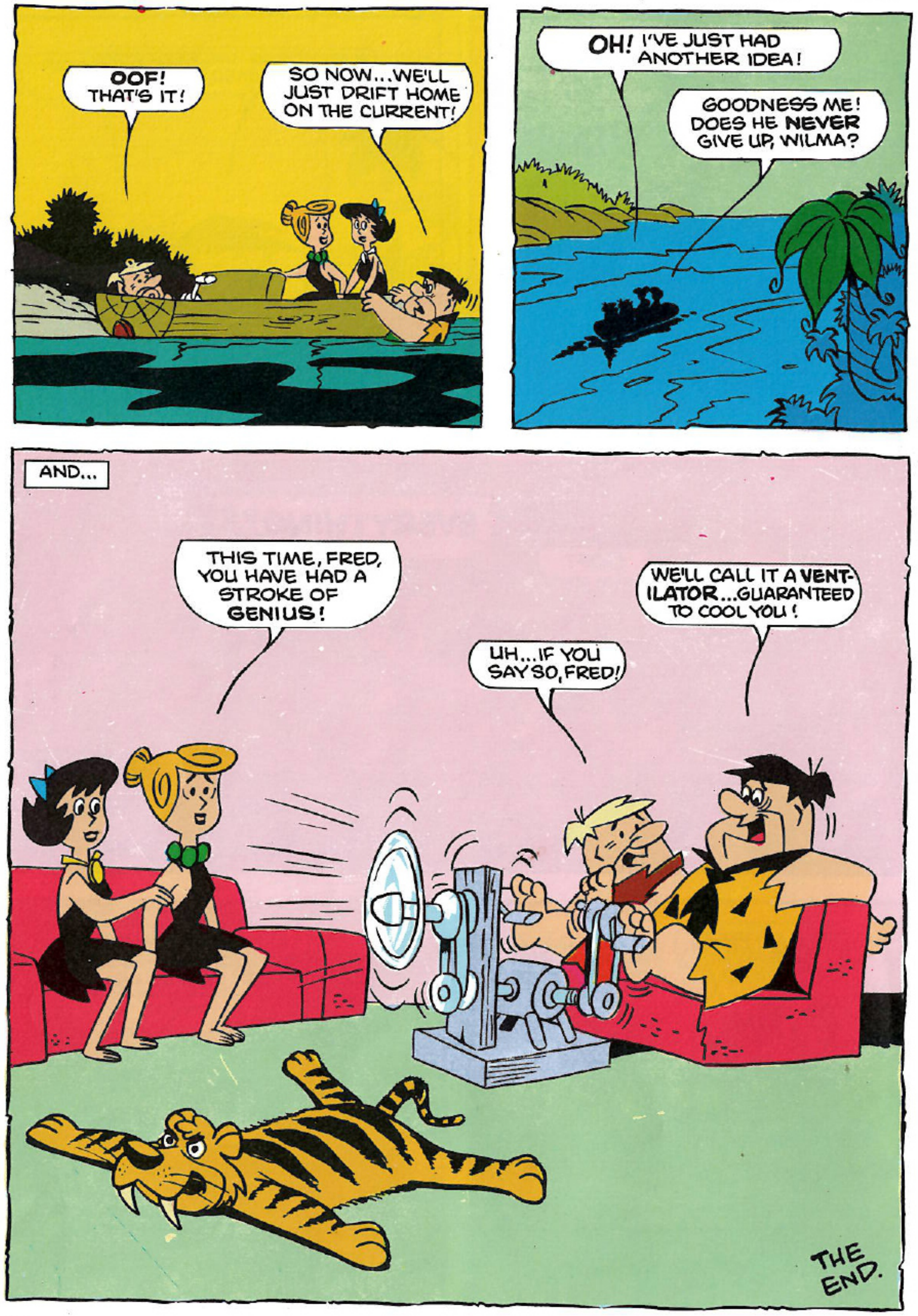

RIGHT... READY... **PUSH!**
UURGH!
NOW WE'RE READY FOR COUNT-DOWN...5...4...3...
OOH... I CAN'T WAIT!
TWO...ONE...
LET'S GO!!!
YOOPPY!!
FRED...THIS IS AN HISTORIC MOMENT!
AND WE ARE **HEROES**, BARN!

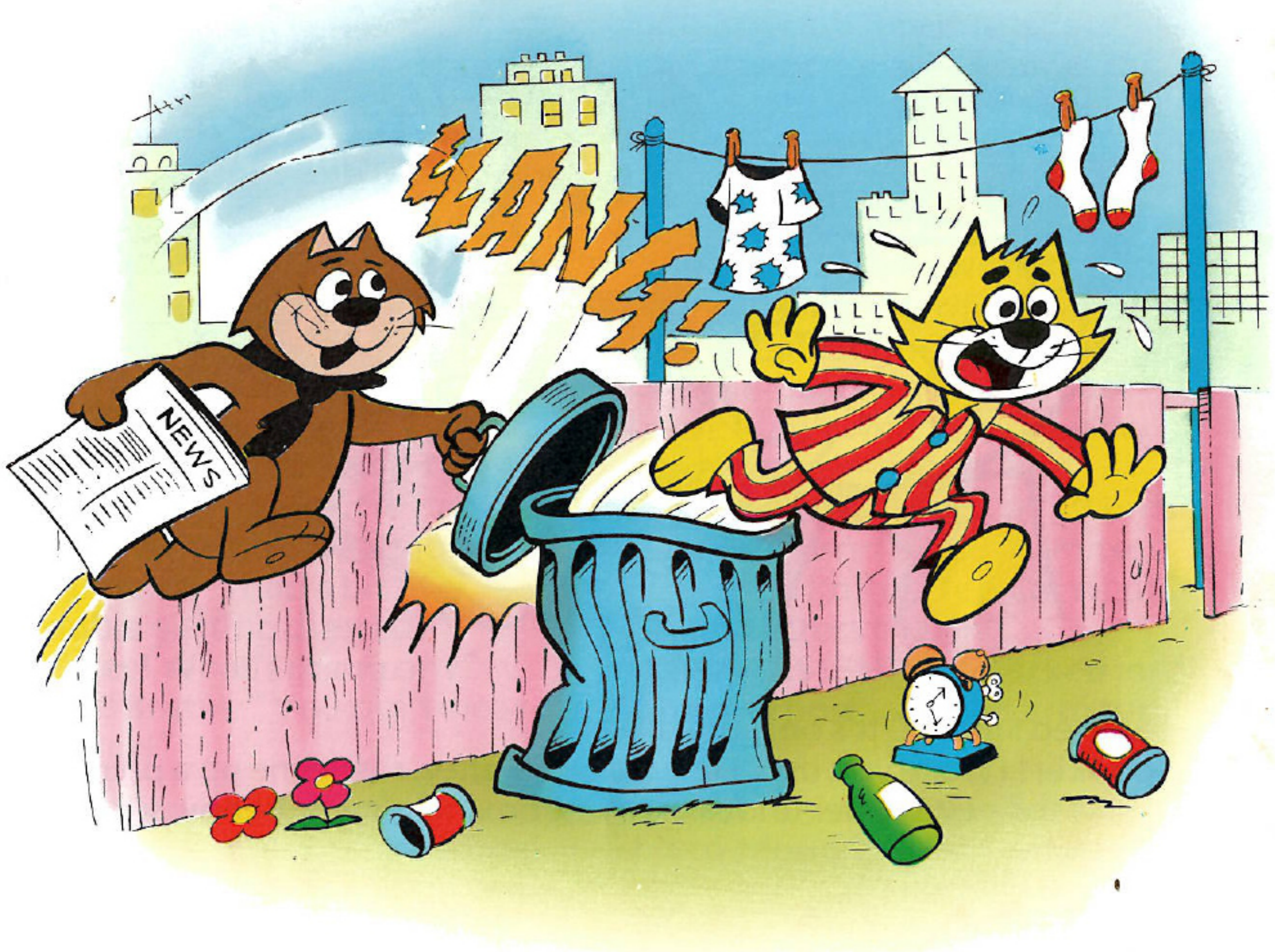

BUT...
PHEW! PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE SET OFF AGAINST THE CURRENT!
PFFF! YES... PFFF!...PHEW!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH...THERE'S NO PRACTICAL FUTURE FOR THIS INVENTION!
YOU'RE RIGHT! **PHHHEW!!**
ONE GOOD THING IS YOU CAN SIT COMFORTABLY...
WHAT?
BARNEY, YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THE MOST BRILLIANT IDEA!
HUH...ME?


PRECISELY...AND IN A DAY OR TWO WE WILL BE TRAVELLING AGAINST THE CURRENT WITH NO EFFORT AT ALL!
...WHAT HAS GOT INTO YOU?...AN OUTING-IN THIS HEAT?!
JUST A LITTLE BOAT TRIP!
I'M HOT ALREADY... AND WHOEVER IS GOING TO **ROW**...!
HE-HEE


ROW?...DID SHE SAY ROW?...
HAH! SHE MUST BE MISTAKEN!
ALL ABOARD!
BUT... YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE OARS, FRED!
OARS?...WHO NEEDS OARS?
THESE DAYS ONE USES... A PROPELLER!
A WHAT?... WHAT'S A...
CALM DOWN! TRUST ME!
THIS IS GENIUS AT WORK!
HOW 'BOUT THAT?
WE...WE'RE NOT SURE YET!


I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD PAY ATTENTION TO-
ATTENTION?! ME?
EVERYTHING HAS BEEN WORKED OUT, STUDIED, TESTED!...
AAH!
OOF!
EVERYTHING??
HELP ME PUSH, BARNEY!
PHEW!...I-I'M PUSHING, FRED!
≡PHEW≡ I'VE DECIDED IT'S FAR TOO TIRING TO TRAVEL BY PROPELLER!


OOF! THAT'S IT!
SO NOW...WE'LL JUST DRIFT HOME ON THE CURRENT!
OH! I'VE JUST HAD ANOTHER IDEA!
GOODNESS ME! DOES HE NEVER GIVE UP, WILMA?
AND...
THIS TIME, FRED, YOU HAVE HAD A STROKE OF GENIUS!
UH...IF YOU SAY SO, FRED!
WE'LL CALL IT A VENT-ILATOR...GUARANTEED TO COOL YOU!
THE END.



Top Cat in...

BOXING CLEVER

Top Cat stands to win one thousand pounds in a boxing tournament and while he doesn't know anything about boxing... he's an expert at cheating!

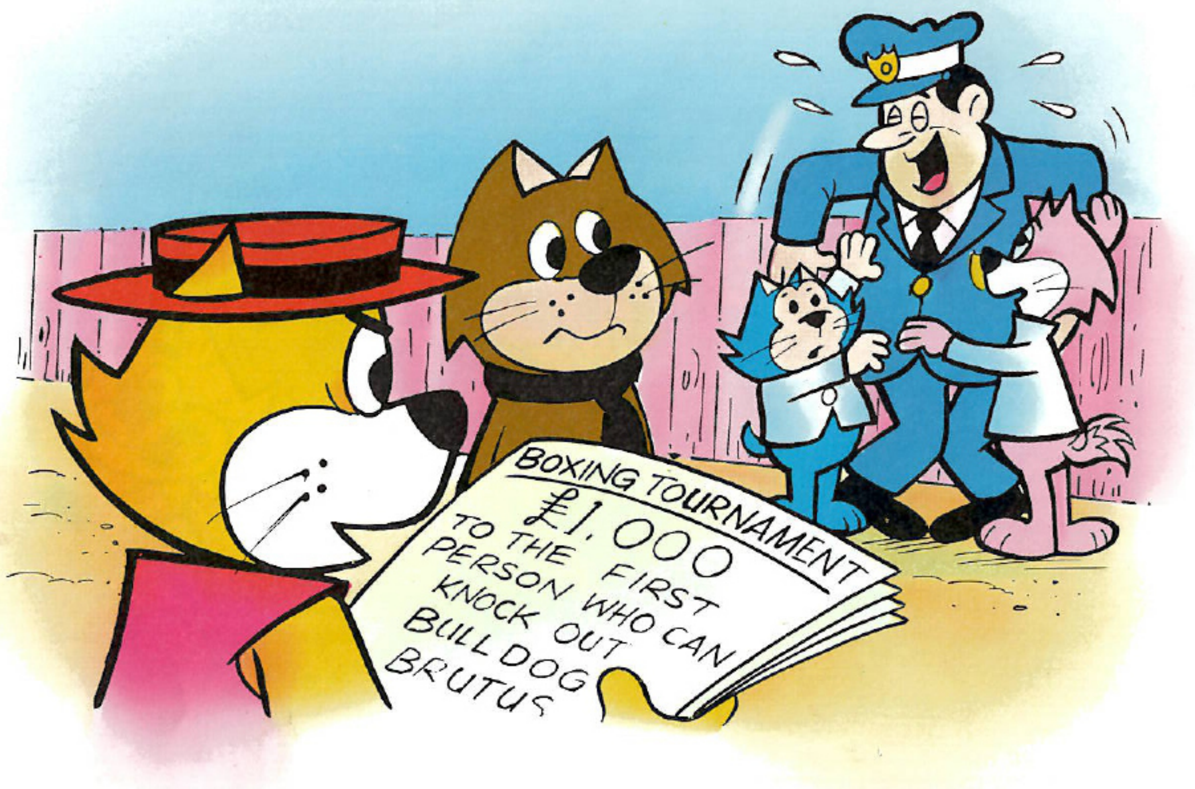
"Uh, like, T.C.! Have I got some, like, great news to lay on you!"

Spook ran into the alley, carrying a rolled up newspaper. He screeched to a stop beside Top Cat's dustbin. Reaching for the dustbin lid he banged it hard against the side of the dustbin. "C'Mon. T.C.! Like, we've got work to do!"

Clllaaaannnnngg!

"Yeeoow!" Top Cat shot out of his dustbin, still dressed in his pyjamas, his hair standing on end in fright. "Help! Police! Call the army! It's a binquake!"

"Hey! Be cool, man!"


BOXING TOURNAMENT
£1,000
TO THE FIRST PERSON WHO CAN KNOCK OUT BULL DOG BRUTUS

laughed Spook. "It's only the ol' Spooker! I woke you up." He thrust the newspaper under Top Cat's nose. "I thought you'd want to see this, T.C.!"

Top Cat glanced at the article on the front page. "***Boxing Tournament. One Thousand Pounds to the first person who can knock out Battling Brutus Bulldog.*** You woke me up for **this?** *Groan!*"

"Yeah, man!" nodded Spook. "One thousand smackeroonies! That's a lot of money T.C.!"

Pound signs flashed on in Top Cat's eyes. "Yeah! You're right! I should be able to beat this dumbo!"

Benny the Ball wandered up. "Gee, T.C.! You don't know anything about boxing."

"No," agreed Top Cat. "But I know a lot about **cheating**!" He gave a piercing whistle. Choo-Choo, Fancy and Brain appeared from nowhere.

"Fancy, rustle me up a pair of boxing gloves. Benny, some lead, Spook and Choo-Choo, a snazzy pair of shorts. And Brain, a suit of armour! C'mon, guys! Move, move, move it! If this racket works, this time tomorrow I'll be **rich**!"

Officer Dibble's voice bellowed out from the end of the alley. "Hold it, Top Cat! what scheme are you planning now?"

"Why, nothing, Officer Dibble," beamed Top Cat. "I'm just preparing for my fight against Brutus Bulldog tomorrow."

Officer Dibble burst into laughter. He laughed so much he couldn't stand up. "*Ha, ha!* Tell me – *ho, ho!* – you're kidding, T.C.! Brutus Bulldog is the – *ha, ha!* – toughest fighter in the city! He'll – *haw, haw!* – **marmalise** you!

"You keep thinking that," grinned Top Cat. "We'll see who laughs last tomorrow!"

The next afternoon the boxing hall was filled with an excited crowd eager for the match to begin. Brutus Bulldog was already waiting in the ring. He towered over the referee, snarling angrily.

"Grrrroooowwwl! Where's my opponent?"

"Here I am," shouted Top Cat's muffled voice. He clanked towards the ring wearing a suit of armour. "I had a bit of trouble getting dressed!"

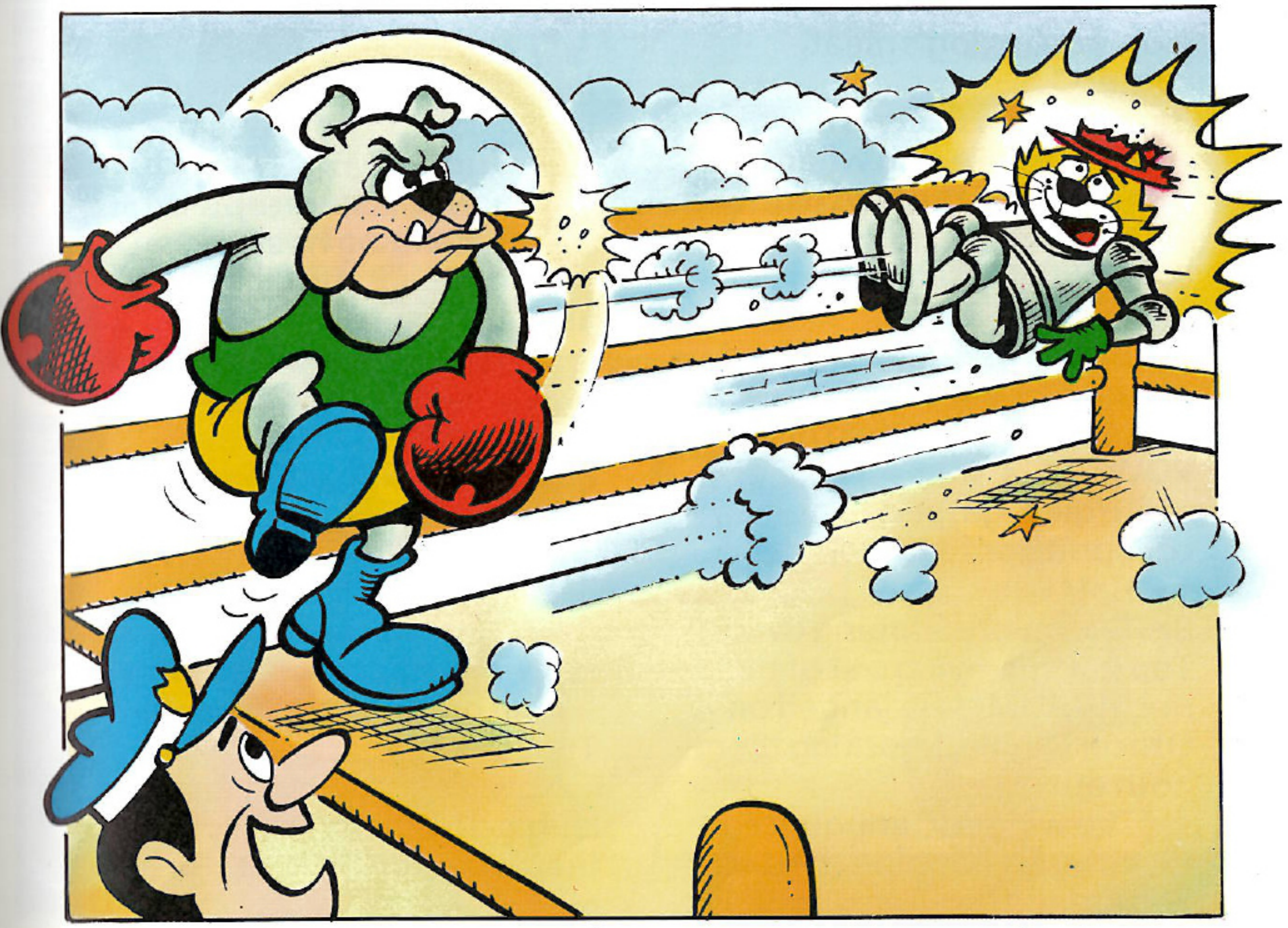
"Hey! What's going on?" raged Brutus. "You can't wear armour!"

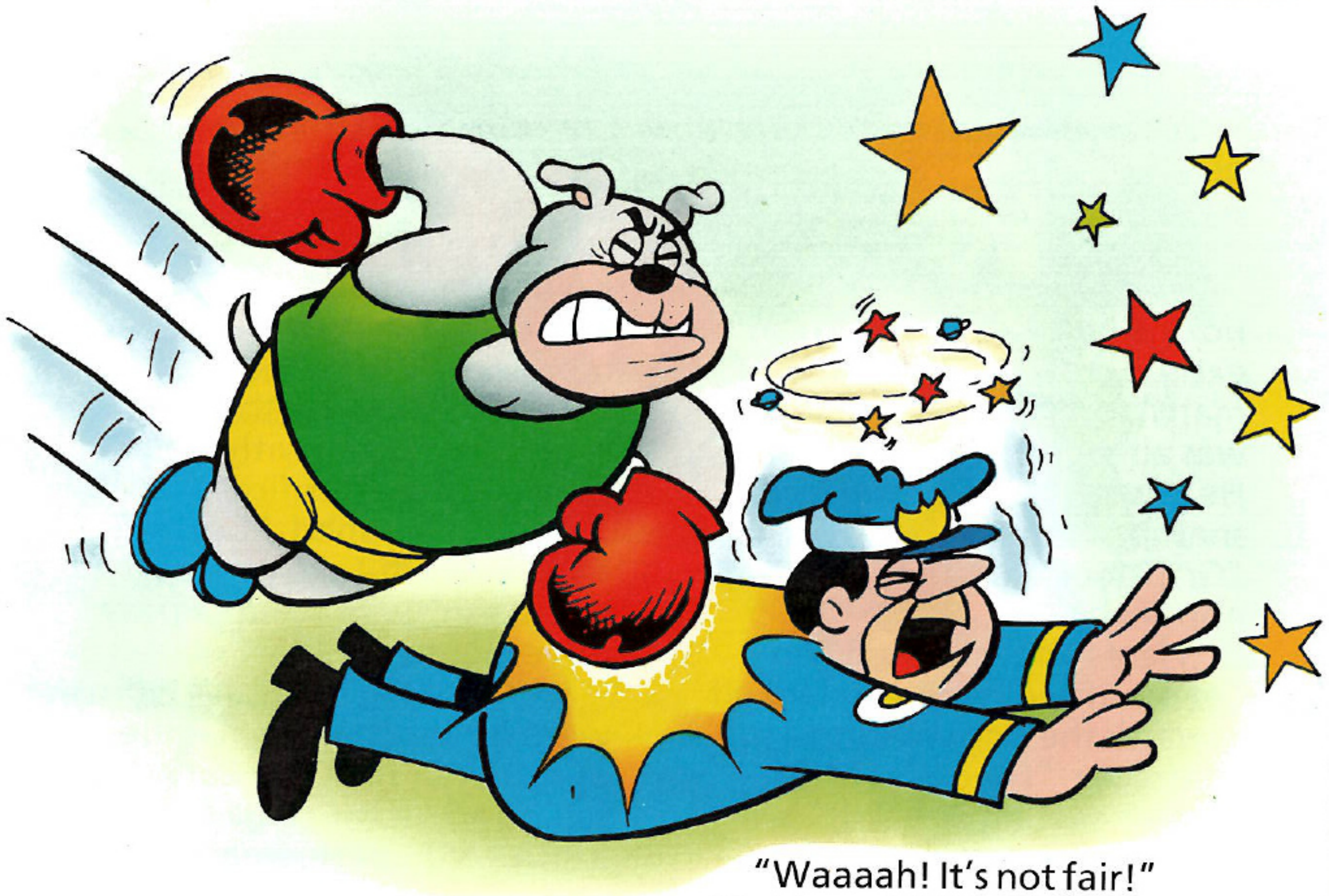
"You agreed that I could wear the official outfit of my athletic club," said Top Cat. "Well, I'm fighting for the Knights of the Square Table – I started up the club this morning. Nifty gear, huh?"

The bell went for the first round. "Ha! Even with that armour I'll spatterificate you!"

Top Cat laughed. "Go on, muscle-head! Take your best shot. I can't wait to pick up my prize moneeeeeeey!"

KAA-POOW! Top Cat's words were cut short by a dynamite punch by Brutus. Top Cat went sailing across the ring. **KRRAAASSSH!** He smacked into the ring post... and his armour





collapsed and fell off him!

Brutus rushed forward. "Ha! Now you're dog's meat, sucker!"

"Yipes!" Top Cat was about to scoot from the ring when he remembered the lead hidden in his glove. "One punch and Brutus will be seeing stars!" he sniggered.

But Top Cat was still dazed. He threw a punch at Brutus... missed... and punched himself. **POWK!**

"Urgle!" gasped Top Cat, collapsing onto the floor.

"Ha! I win again!" boasted Brutus, before tripping over Top Cat and flying out of the ring. **WHUMP!** He landed on Officer Dibble, knocking them both out.

"The winner!" announced the referee, handing the dazed Top Cat the thousand pounds.

"Waaaah! It's not fair!" blubbered Officer Dibble, recovering enough to hear the bad news. "I bet on T.C. to lose!"

"I warned you, Dibs," laughed Top Cat. "He who laughs last..!" He kissed the money in his paws. "I'm rich!"

"Dur, T.C.," interrupted Brains, handing him a piece of paper. "This is the bill for the armour."

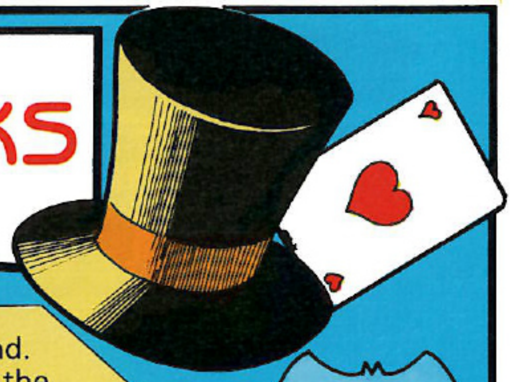
Top Cat looked at the bill. His eyes popped in and out of his head in horror. "**Nine hundred and ninety nine pounds, ninety nine pence**!"

"Dur, well, you did want the best, T.C.!" Brains explained. "So I had a suit of armour made for you. It's not cheap, y'know!"

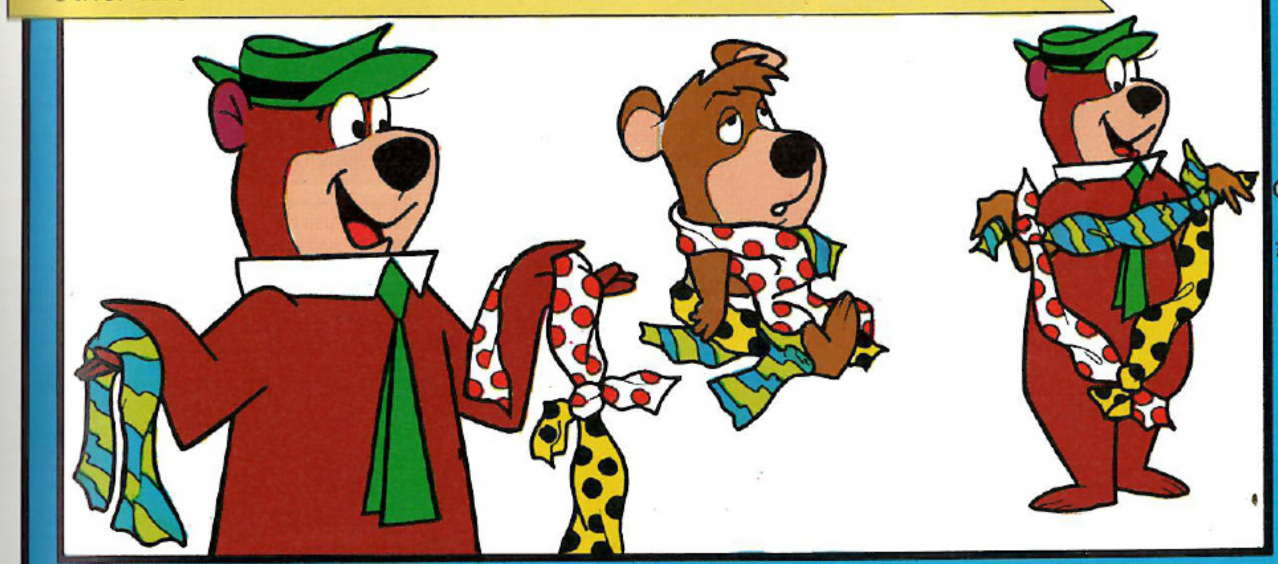
"I'm broke again!" groaned Top Cat.

Now it was Dibble's turn to laugh. "This time I really do get the last laugh, Top Cat! Ha, ha, ha!"

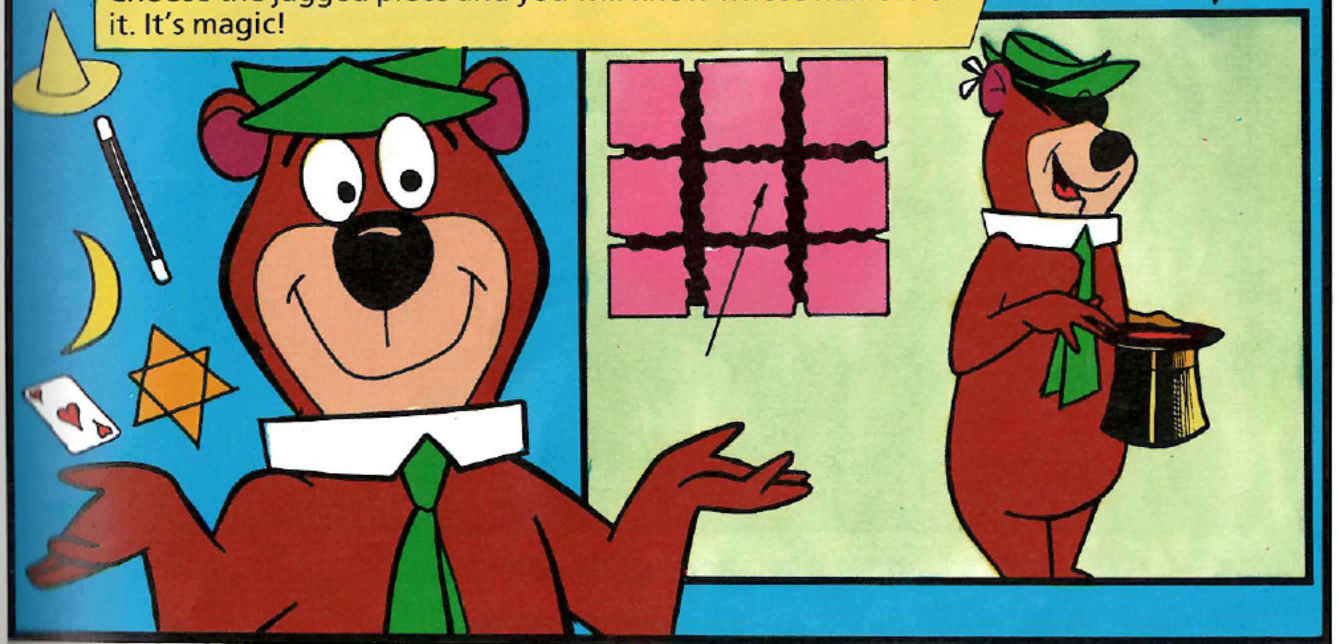
Yogi's Magic Tricks



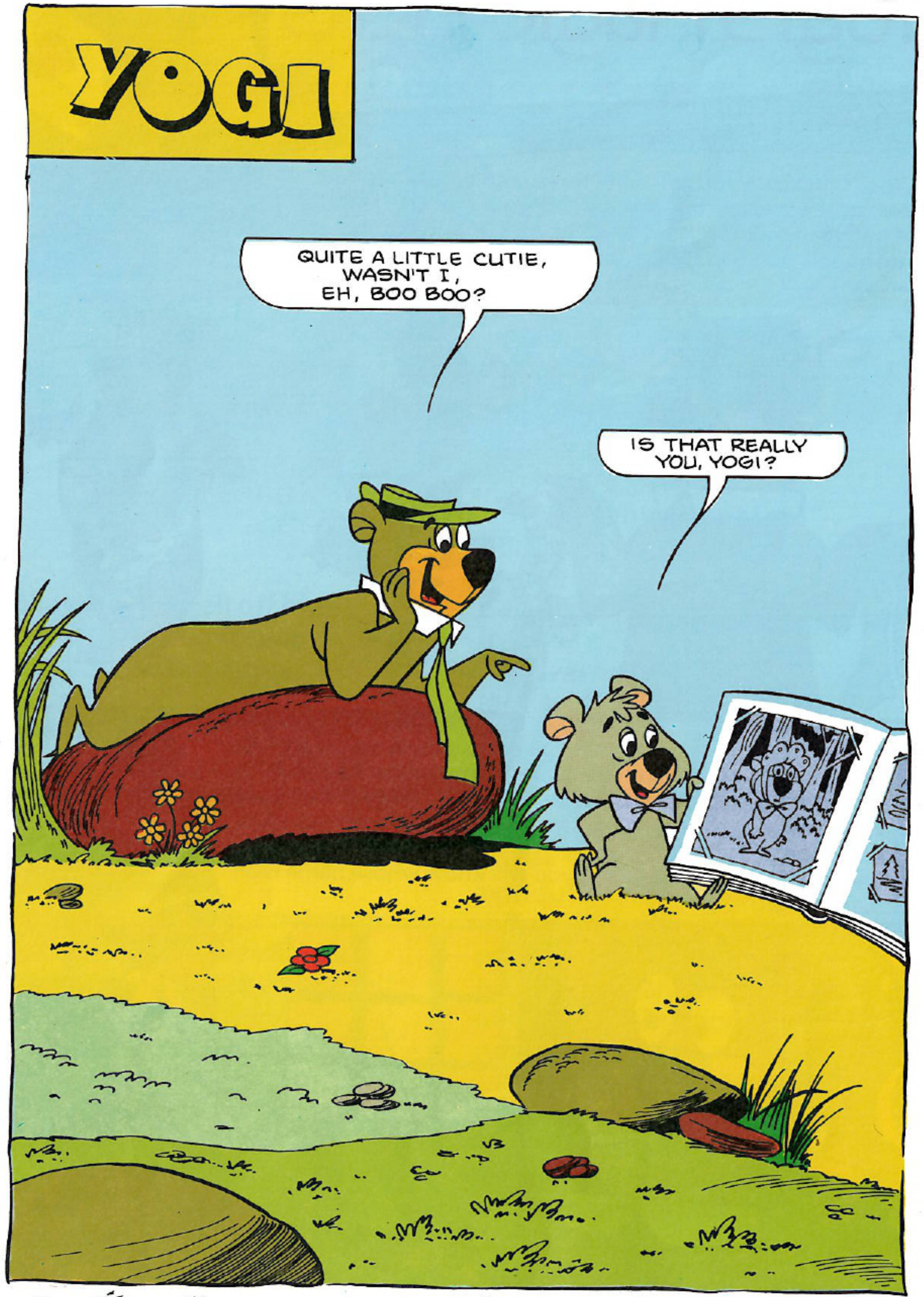
For Yogi's first trick you will need three scarves and a friend. Tie two of the scarves together and ask your friend to put the third between them without tearing them or untying the knot. The solution is to tie the third scarf to the end of the other two.

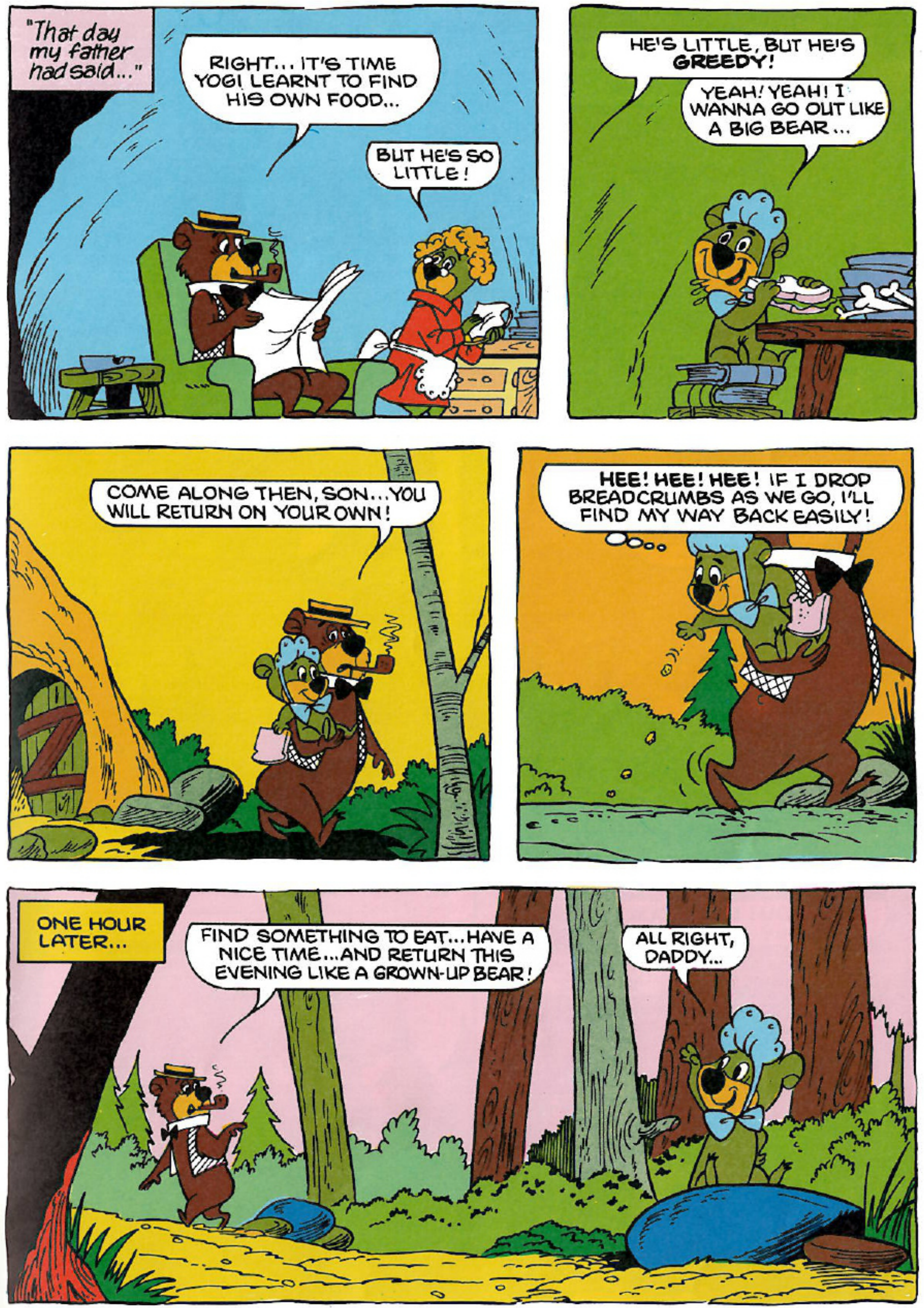


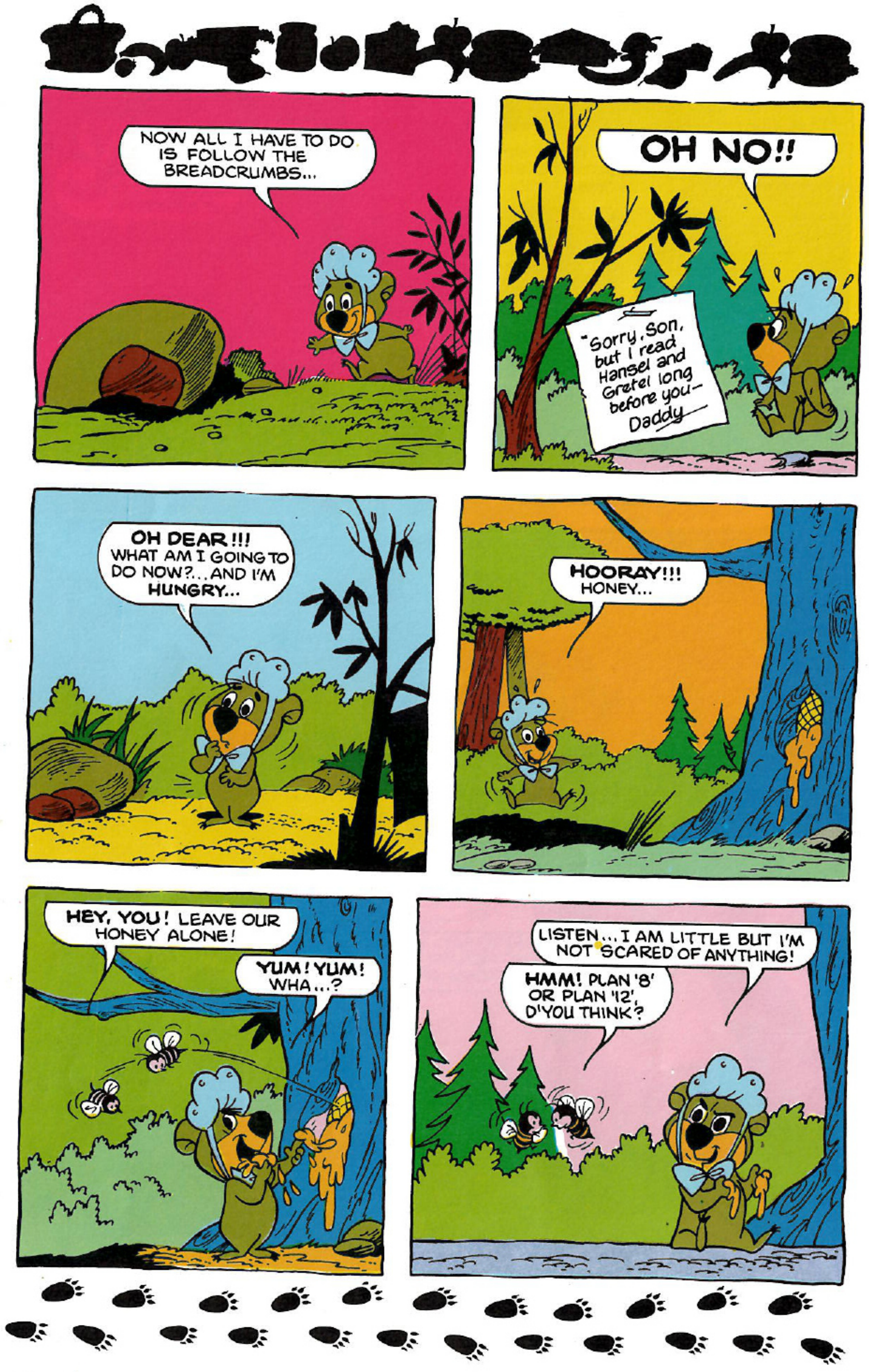
Tear a sheet of paper into nine pieces as shown below and then give a piece each to nine members of your audience and ask them to write their name on it. Watch to see who takes the only piece with four jagged edges, and then put all the pieces into a hat and blindfold yourself.
Choose the jagged piece and you will know whose name is on it. It's magic!

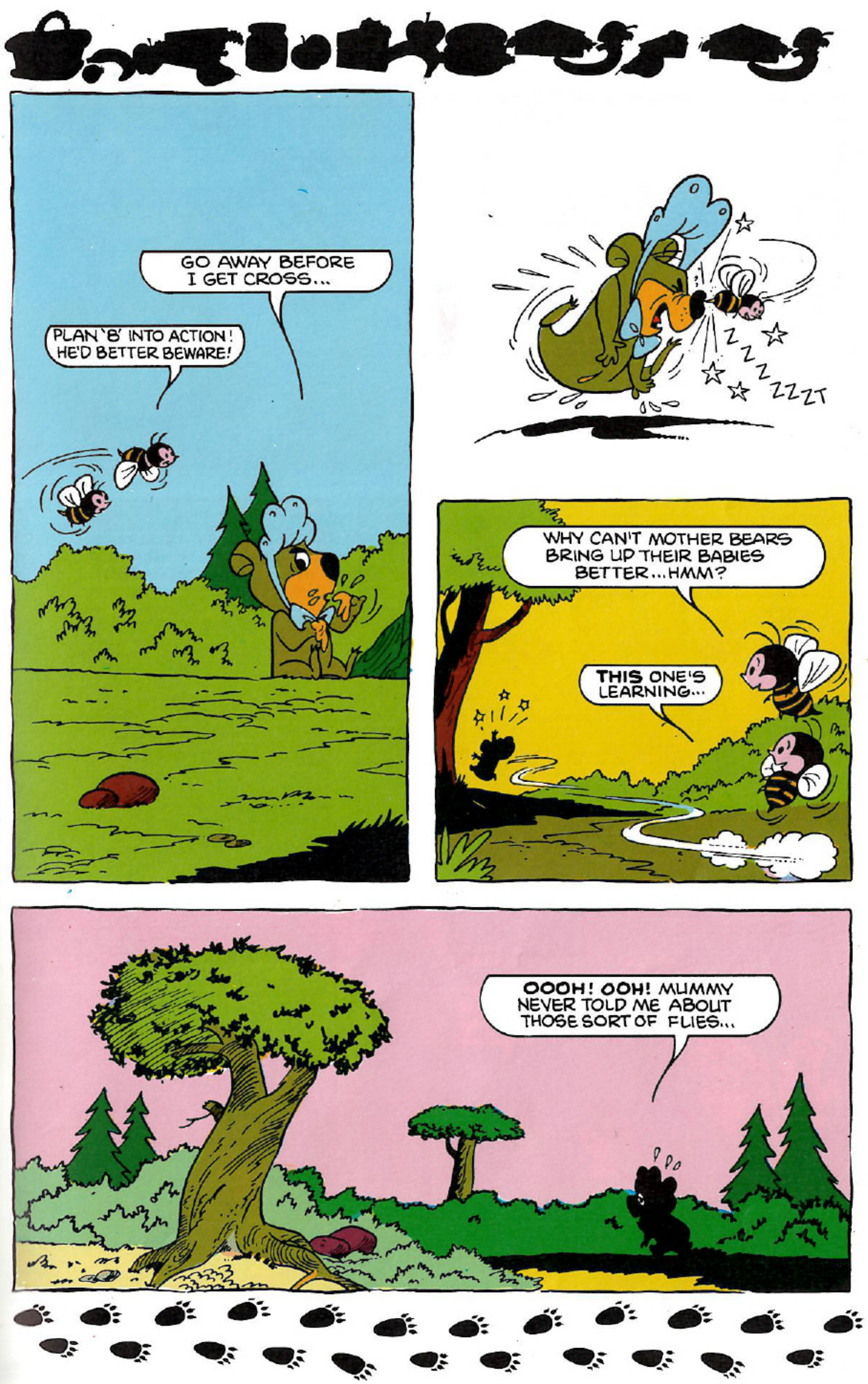


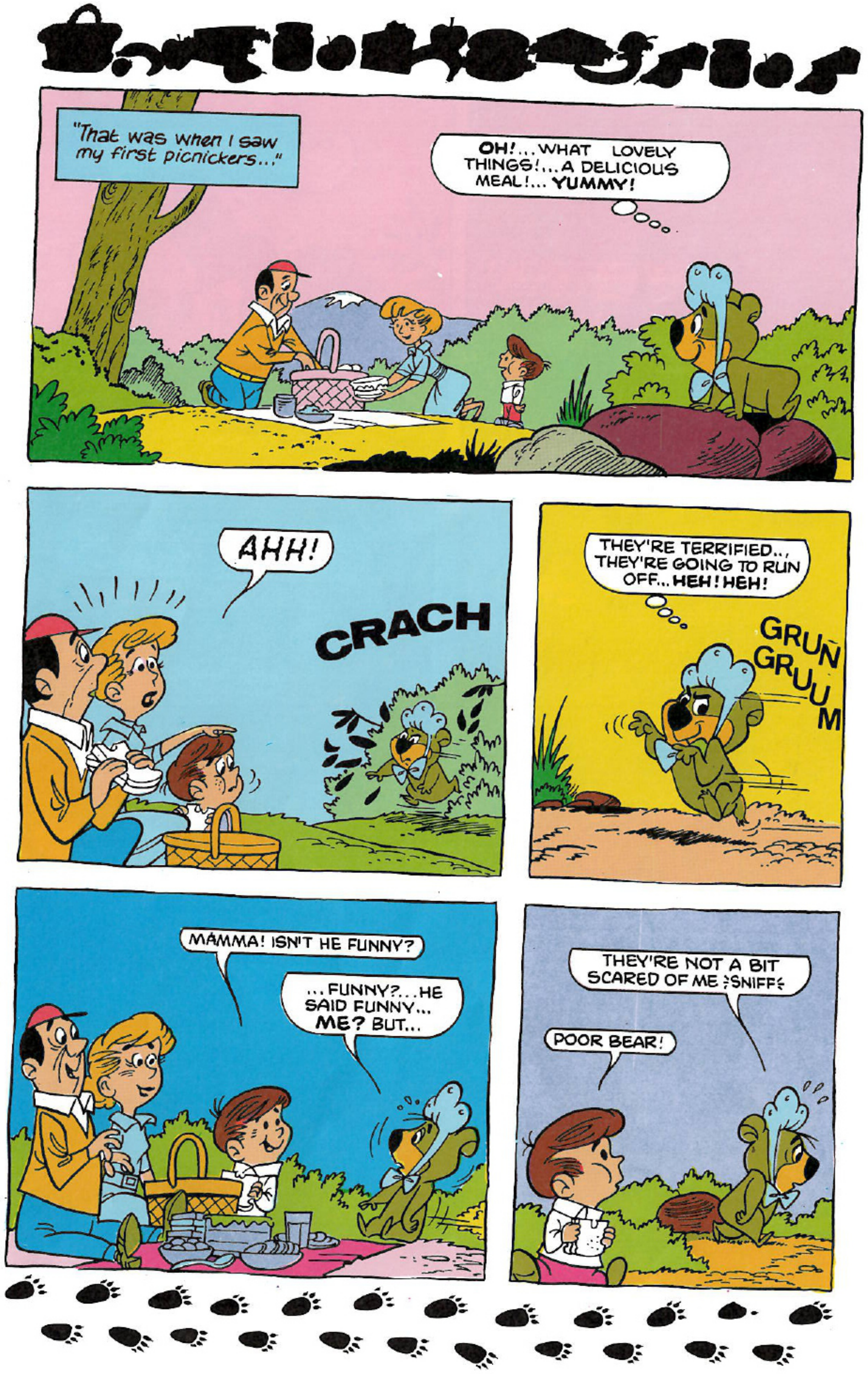
YOGI

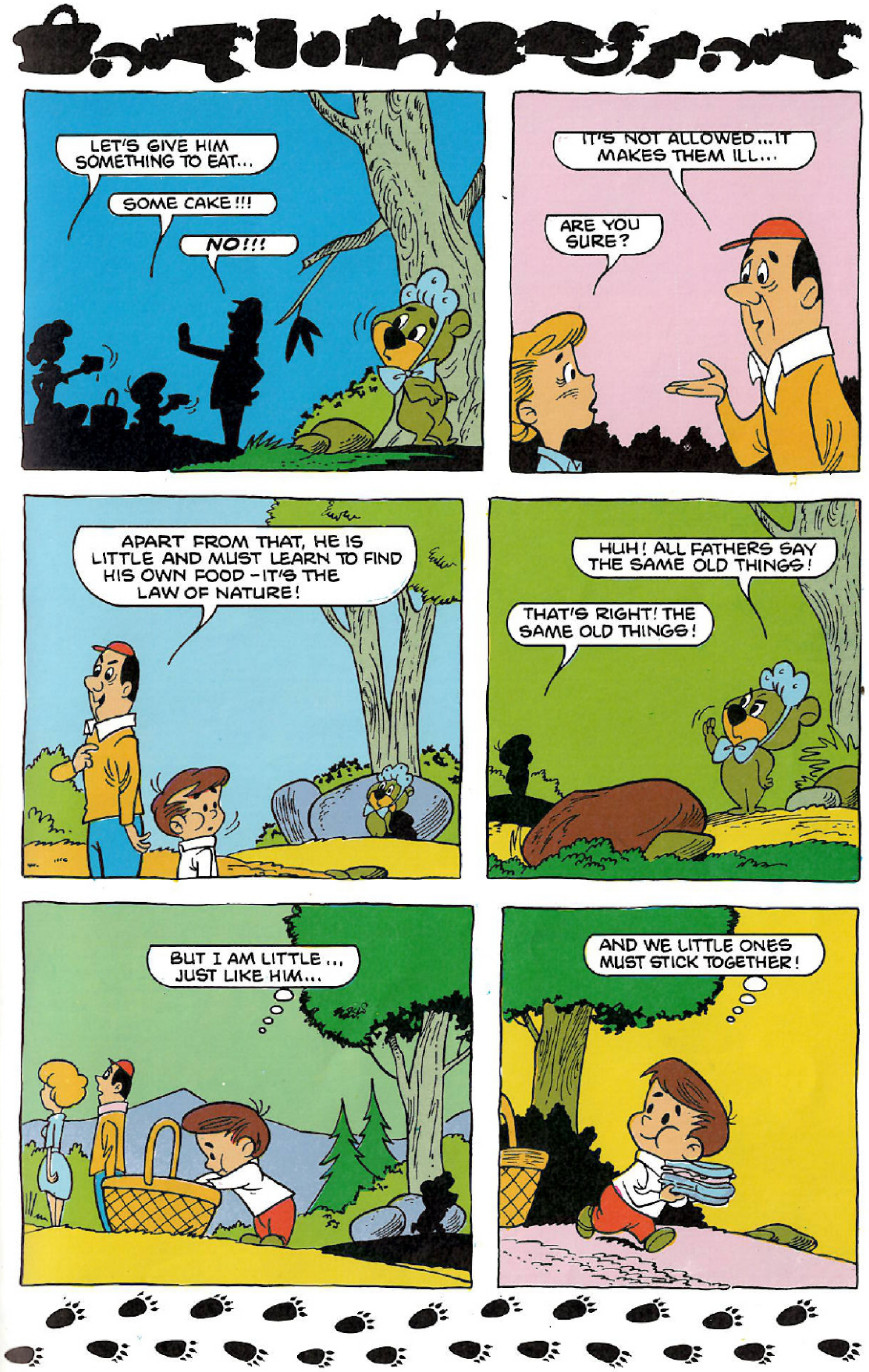

QUITE A LITTLE CUTIE, WASN'T I, EH, BOO BOO?
IS THAT REALLY YOU, YOGI?

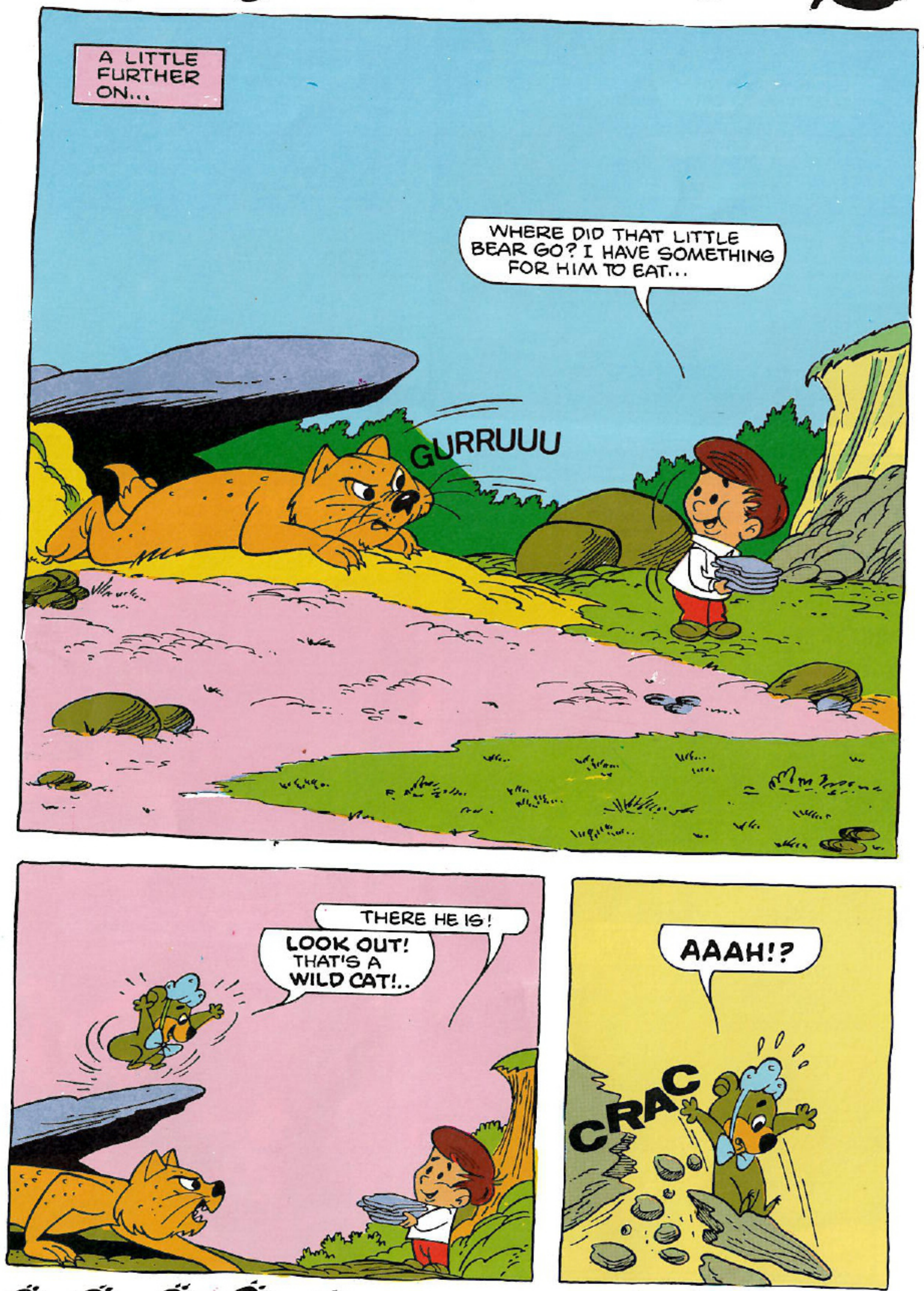

"That day my father had said..."
RIGHT... IT'S TIME YOGI LEARNT TO FIND HIS OWN FOOD...
BUT HE'S SO LITTLE!
HE'S LITTLE, BUT HE'S **GREEDY!**
YEAH! YEAH! I WANNA GO OUT LIKE A BIG BEAR...
COME ALONG THEN, SON... YOU WILL RETURN ON YOUR OWN!
HEE! HEE! HEE! IF I DROP BREADCRUMBS AS WE GO, I'LL FIND MY WAY BACK EASILY!
ONE HOUR LATER...
FIND SOMETHING TO EAT... HAVE A NICE TIME... AND RETURN THIS EVENING LIKE A GROWN-UP BEAR!
ALL RIGHT, DADDY...

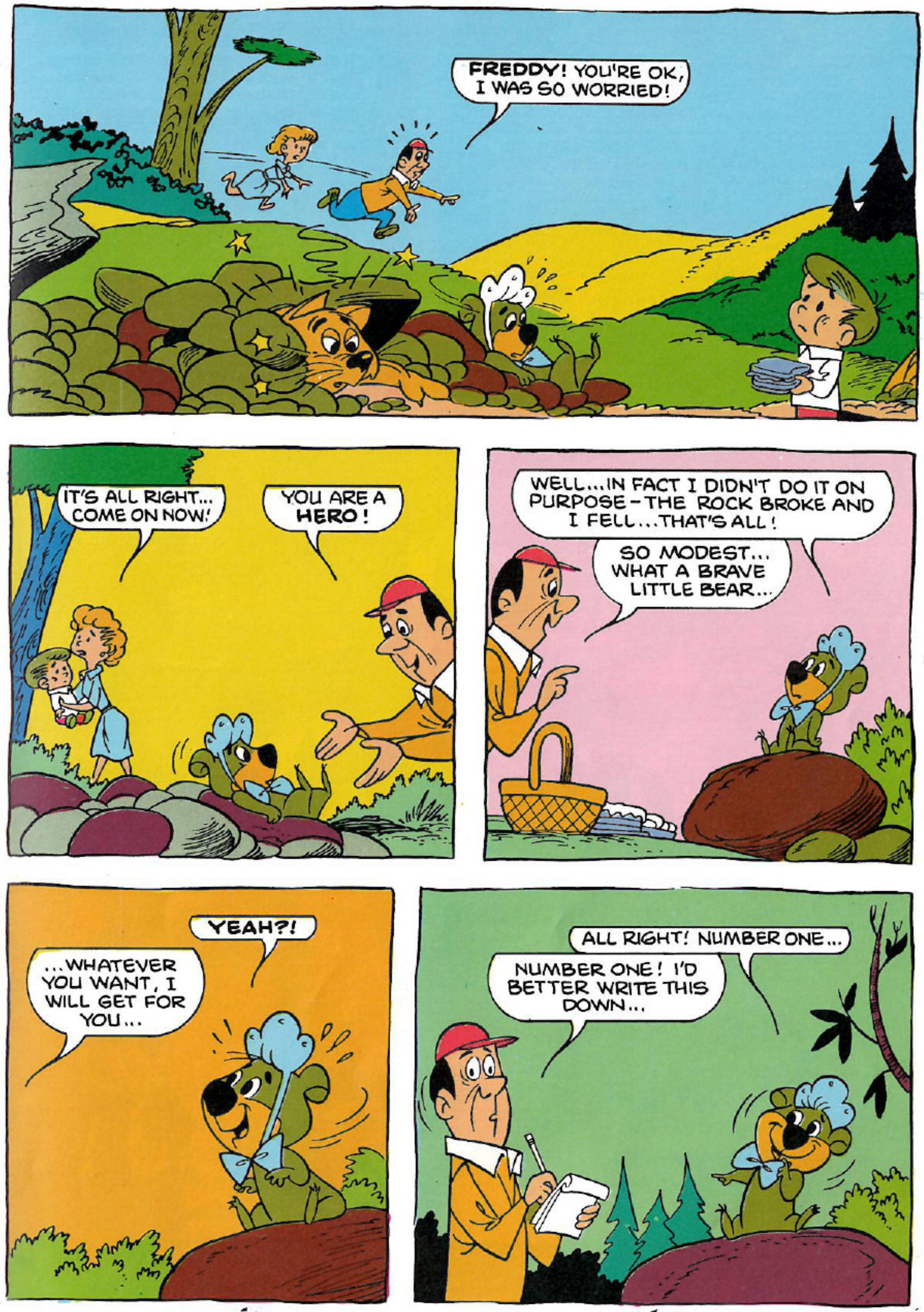

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW THE BREADCRUMBS...
OH NO!!
"Sorry, Son, but I read Hansel and Gretel long before you— Daddy
OH DEAR!!! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW?... AND I'M HUNGRY...
HOORAY!!! HONEY...
HEY, YOU! LEAVE OUR HONEY ALONE!
YUM! YUM! WHA...?
LISTEN... I AM LITTLE BUT I'M NOT SCARED OF ANYTHING!
HMM! PLAN '8' OR PLAN '12', D'YOU THINK?

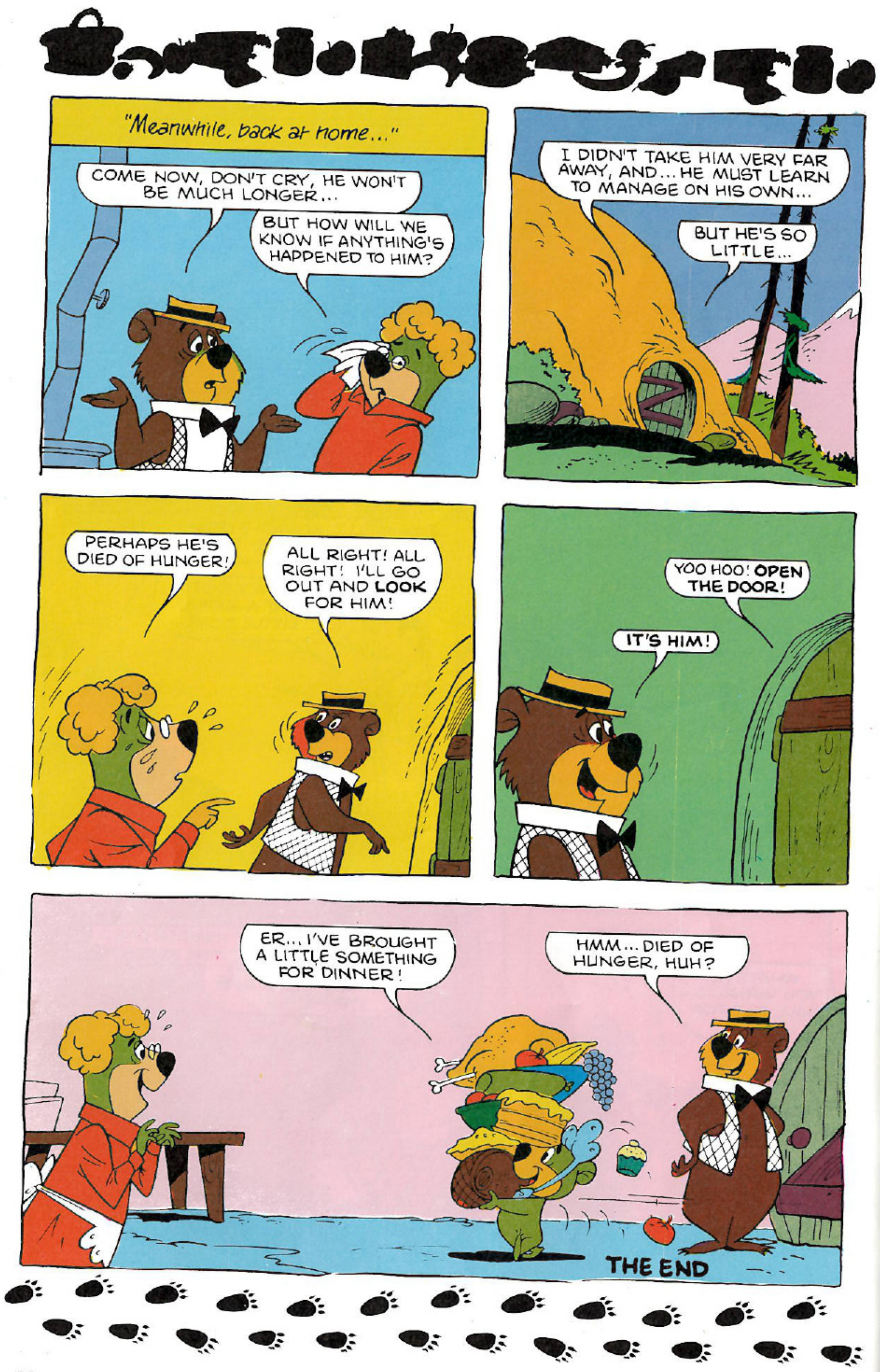

GO AWAY BEFORE I GET CROSS...
PLAN 'B' INTO ACTION! HE'D BETTER BEWARE!
Z Z Z ZZZT
WHY CAN'T MOTHER BEARS BRING UP THEIR BABIES BETTER...HMM?
THIS ONE'S LEARNING...
OOOH! OOH! MUMMY NEVER TOLD ME ABOUT THOSE SORT OF FLIES...


"That was when I saw my first picnickers..."
OH!... WHAT LOVELY THINGS!... A DELICIOUS MEAL!... YUMMY!
AHH!
CRACH
THEY'RE TERRIFIED.., THEY'RE GOING TO RUN OFF... HEH! HEH!
GRUN GRUUM
MAMMA! ISN'T HE FUNNY?
...FUNNY?...HE SAID FUNNY... ME? BUT...
THEY'RE NOT A BIT SCARED OF ME SNIFF
POOR BEAR!


LET'S GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO EAT...
SOME CAKE!!!
NO!!!
IT'S NOT ALLOWED... IT MAKES THEM ILL...
ARE YOU SURE?
APART FROM THAT, HE IS LITTLE AND MUST LEARN TO FIND HIS OWN FOOD - IT'S THE LAW OF NATURE!
HUH! ALL FATHERS SAY THE SAME OLD THINGS!
THAT'S RIGHT! THE SAME OLD THINGS!
BUT I AM LITTLE... JUST LIKE HIM...
AND WE LITTLE ONES MUST STICK TOGETHER!

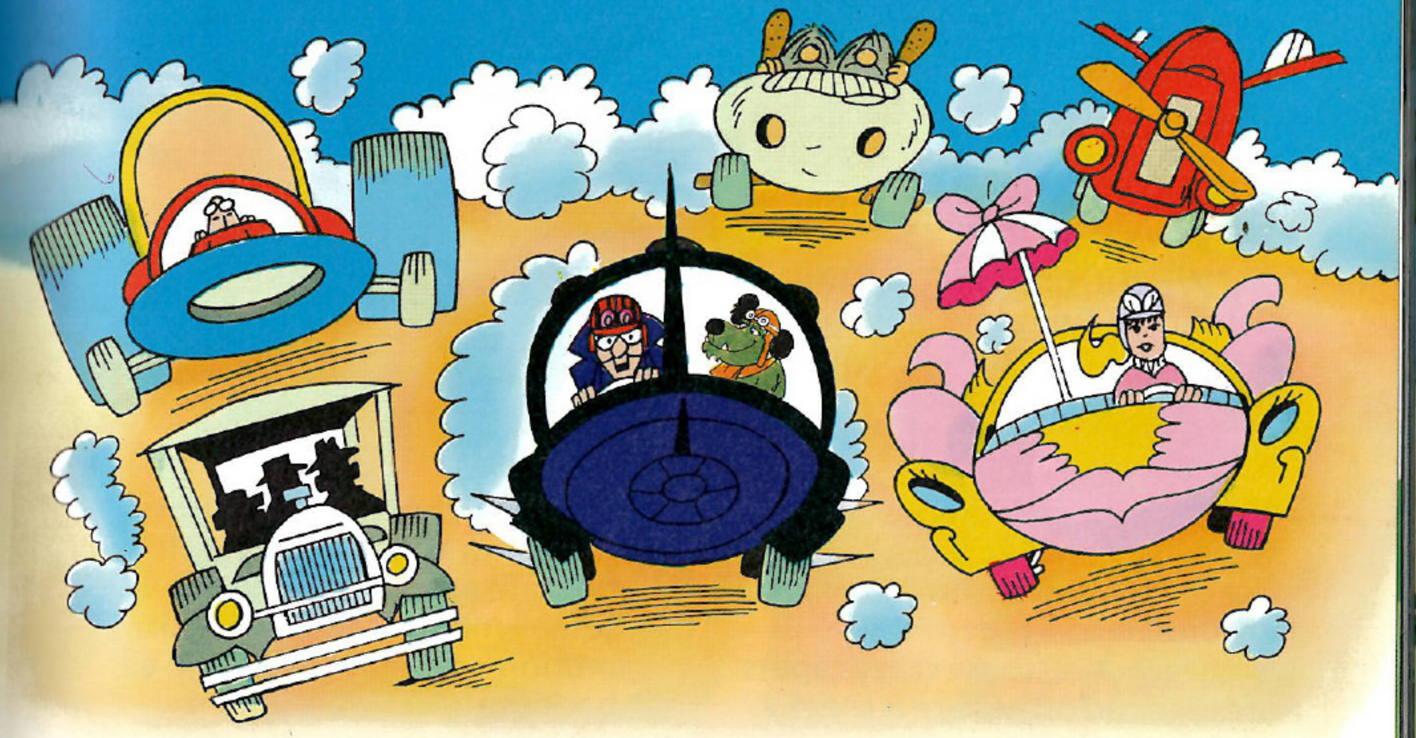

A LITTLE FURTHER ON...
WHERE DID THAT LITTLE BEAR GO? I HAVE SOMETHING FOR HIM TO EAT...
GURRUUU
THERE HE IS!
LOOK OUT! THAT'S A WILD CAT!..
AAAH!?
CRAC


FREDDY! YOU'RE OK, I WAS SO WORRIED!
IT'S ALL RIGHT... COME ON NOW!
YOU ARE A HERO!
WELL...IN FACT I DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE - THE ROCK BROKE AND I FELL...THAT'S ALL!
SO MODEST... WHAT A BRAVE LITTLE BEAR...
...WHATEVER YOU WANT, I WILL GET FOR YOU...
YEAH?!
ALL RIGHT! NUMBER ONE...
NUMBER ONE! I'D BETTER WRITE THIS DOWN...


"Meanwhile, back at home..."
COME NOW, DON'T CRY, HE WON'T BE MUCH LONGER...
BUT HOW WILL WE KNOW IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
I DIDN'T TAKE HIM VERY FAR AWAY, AND... HE MUST LEARN TO MANAGE ON HIS OWN...
BUT HE'S SO LITTLE...
PERHAPS HE'S DIED OF HUNGER!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL GO OUT AND LOOK FOR HIM!
YOO HOO! OPEN THE DOOR!
IT'S HIM!
ER... I'VE BROUGHT A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR DINNER!
HMM... DIED OF HUNGER, HUH?
THE END

WACKY RACES!

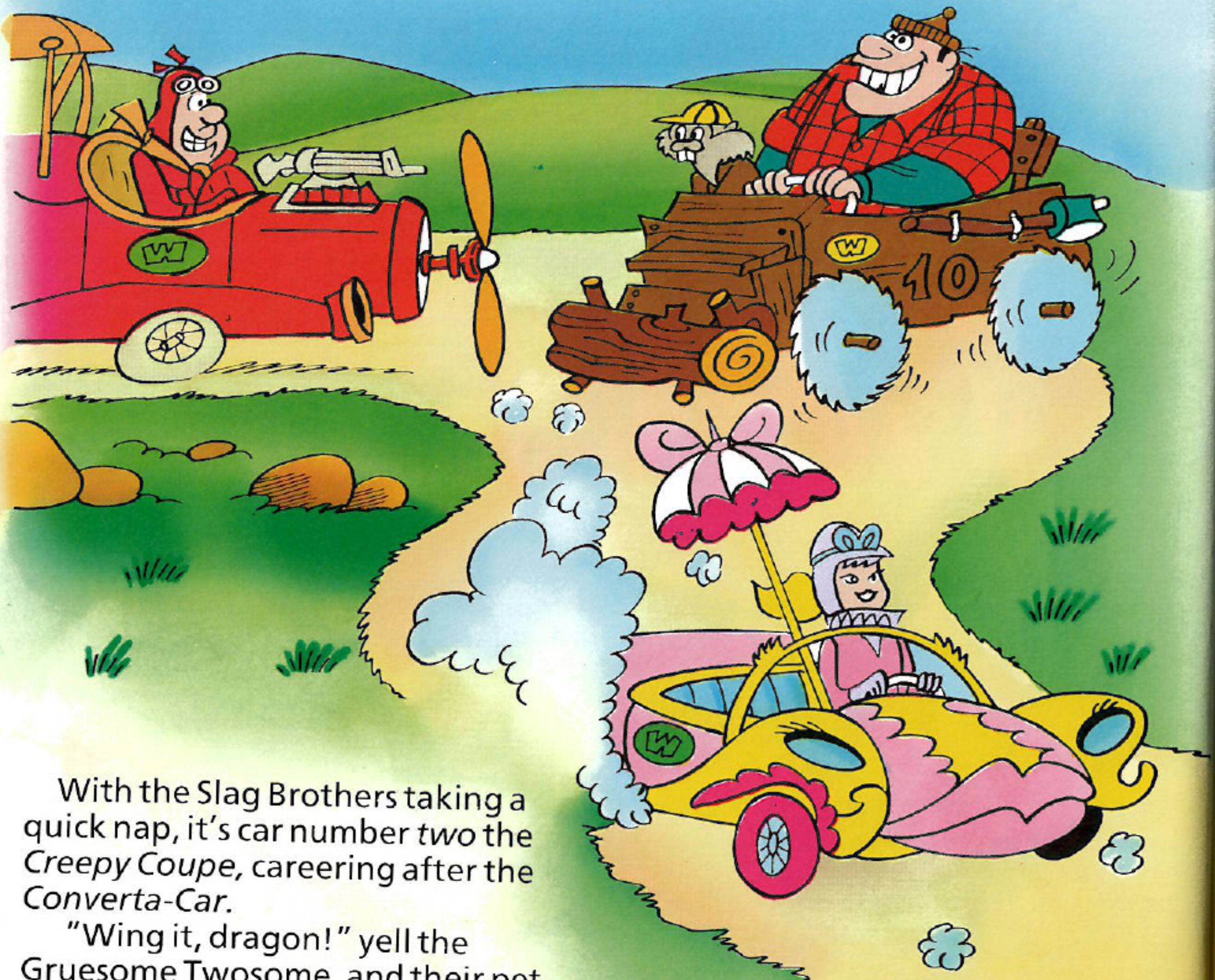
Watch Out! The Wacky Racers are off again on their wild and wobbly way through the perilous path of Kompost Keep, Kentucky!



BRRRMMMM! It's the start of the wackiest, craziest race since the last one and as the crazy racers get ready for the off, Sneaky Dick Dastardly turns around to his even sneakier sidekick Muttley, and giggles wickedly. This is a race that he intends to win... at any cost...

And **they're off!** Racing once again through Kentucky!

Professor Pat Pending turns his *Converta-Car* into a giant spring and **bounces** into the lead. The Slag Brothers in car number *one* use their heads to bang into second place. But wait! The batty duo are running at the **back** of their Boulder Mobile, bashing it forward with their **heads! Bash! Bash!** And now they've knocked themselves out!



With the Slag Brothers taking a quick nap, it's car number *two* the *Creepy Coupe,* careering after the *Converta-Car.*

"Wing it, dragon!" yell the Gruesome Twosome, and their pet dragon takes to the air, flying their car into first place.

"Mmm!" thinks Prof. Pat Pending, while a giant fly swatter from the top of the *Converta-Car* swats the *Creepy Coupe* back to the start! "Big mosquitoes you get around here."

But while all these crazy capers are carrying on, where is sneaky Dick Dastardly and his canine sidekick, Muttley? They're ahead of the others, having taken an unofficial short-cut in their *Double Zero Mean Machine.*

"Heh! Heh!" snickers Dick. "What's the point of racing if you can't win – by fair means or foul."

Dastardly shows Muttley his latest rotten trick – a giant mechanical seesaw blocking the road.

"When those Wacky Racers drive over this seesaw they'll operate a mechanism which will set the marvellous machine in motion – and catapult them all back the other way!"

Dastardly and Muttley creep behind a crooked crevice to watch and wait... and here come the other racers. Will they fall for devious Dick's dirty device?

No! Peter Perfect uses pogo-stick power to pounce over the sneaky pitfall... and pulls pretty Penelope Pitstop in the *Compact Pussycat* along with him!

"Curses!" mutters Dick darkly. "But I'll get the others!"

Rufus Ruffcut shifts into gopher gear and the *Buzz Wagon* grinds its way underground and out the other side, without touching tricky Dick's terrible trap.

Red Max flies over it in number *ten.* "Zis is too eazy!" laughs Max, and flies straight into a tree and is out of the race!

"Ooooh! No! No! No!" screams Dastardly, jumping up and down in rage. "You're meant to drive over my trap – like this!" And he runs out and jumps on the seesaw to show the Wacky Racers what he means... and then realises that he's boobed again.

"I've boobed again!" he groans as, **twang**, the seesaw catapults him into the air and he lands in one of the giant compost heaps that litter the hills.

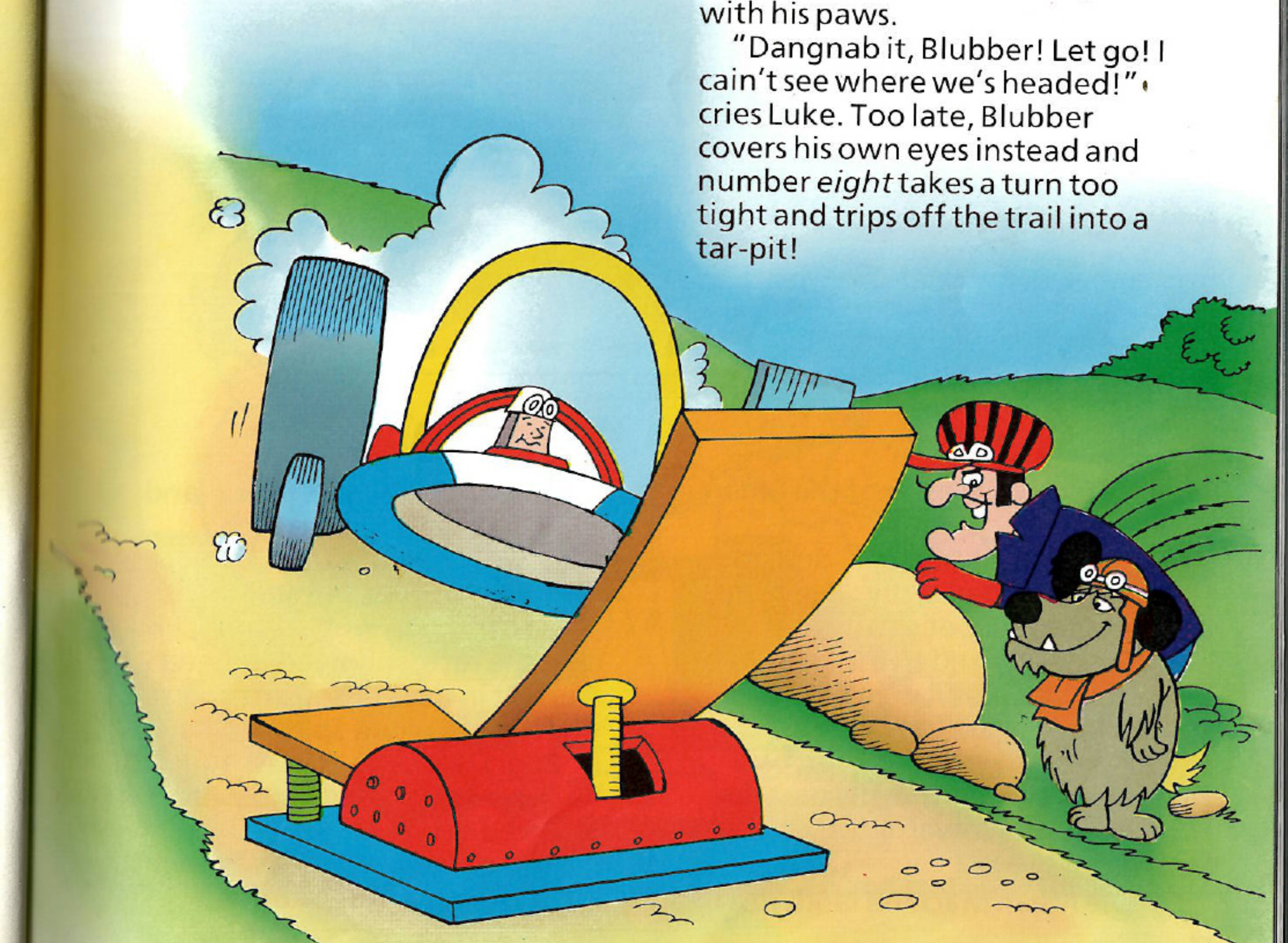
"Heh! Heh!" sniggers Muttley until – **Whaammm!** – a fighting-foul Dick-fist flattens his features. "Snaffa! Crassin! Frassin!" mutters a flat-out Muttley. But Dastardly has other problems. He's being chased by a couple of love-sick skunks!

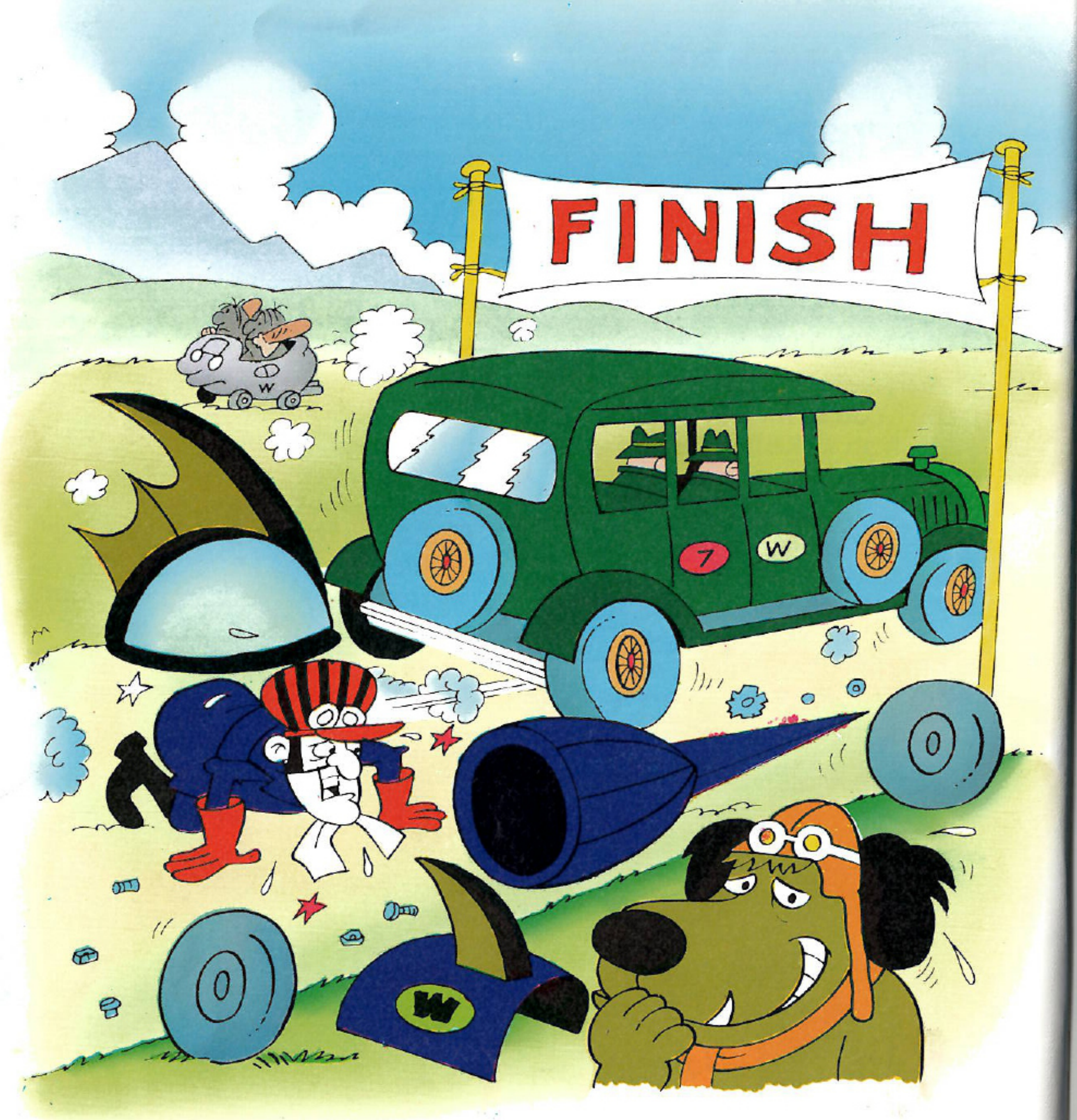
"**Help**, Muttley! **Do** something!" cries Dick, hurrying off, hot-foot. Muttley just sits and sniggers so dire Dick has to dive into the nearest river!

Meanwhile, back at the world's wackiest race, Hillbilly Luke and Blubber Bear have taken the lead in the *Arkansas Chugga-bug.*

"Boo hoo! Whimper!" screams the scared-stiff Blubber, which means, 'Watch out! You're going too fast!' And just to be on the safe side, he covers Luke's eyes with his paws.

"Dangnab it, Blubber! Let go! I cain't see where we's headed!" cries Luke. Too late, Blubber covers his own eyes instead and number *eight* takes a turn too tight and trips off the trail into a tar-pit!





As for that Master of the *Mean Machine*...

"Hurry up, Muttley!" demands a dour Dick Dastardly. "Light the blue touch paper on the two rockets I've fixed to the car and get in! We're still going to win!"

Whooosssh! The *Double Zero* takes off like a rocket... er, **two** rockets, that is! They fly past the other racers towards the finishing line!

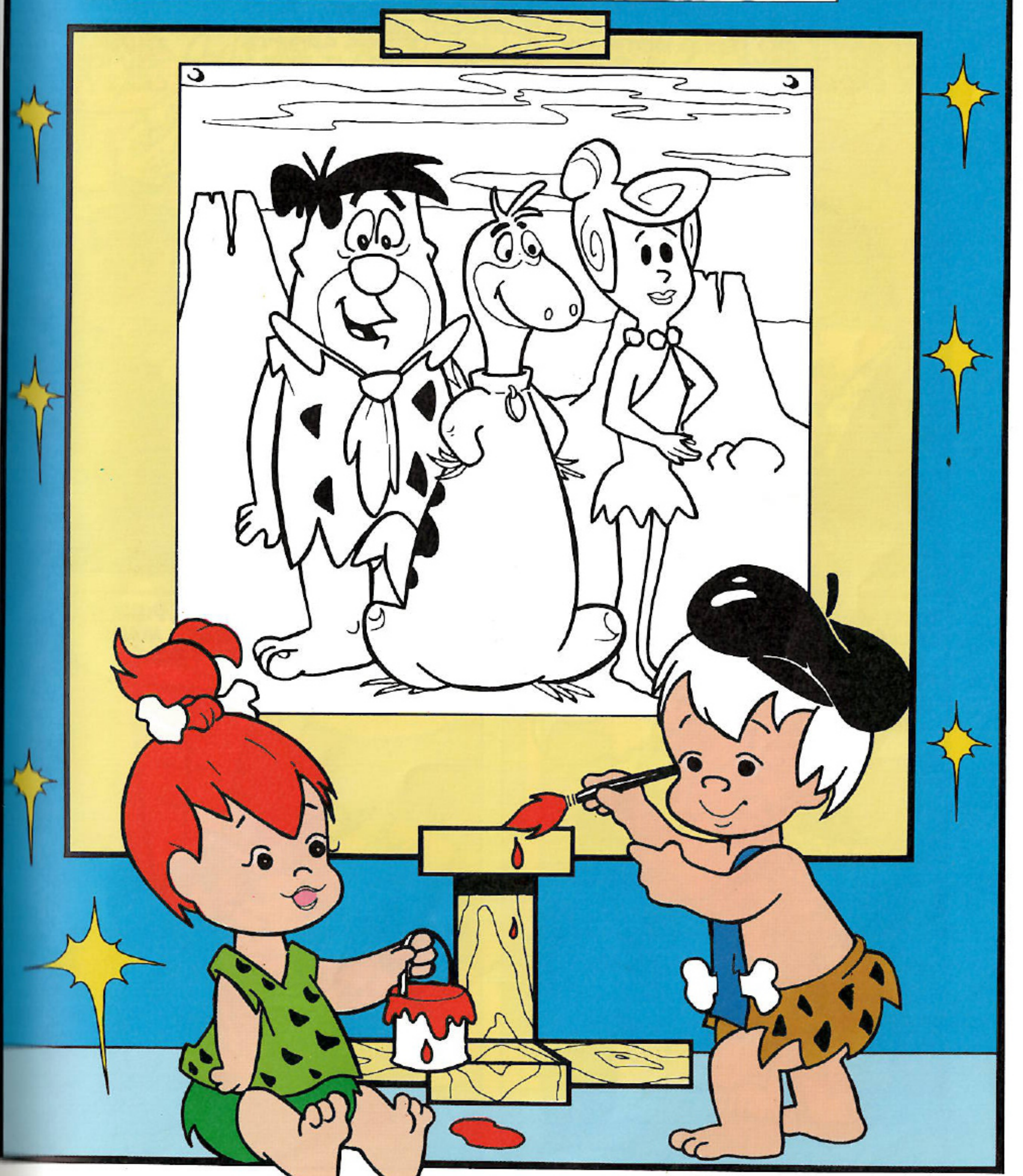
The Mean Machine lands just in front of the winner's tape... and falls to pieces! Before Dick Dastardly can pick up the pieces and run over the finish-line, he is run over by the Ant Hill mob who win the race, followed by Peter Perfect in the *Turbo Terrific* and the *Army Surplus Special.*

Poor Dastardly. He lost again. In fact, he doesn't look too well – he's covered in tyre tracks.

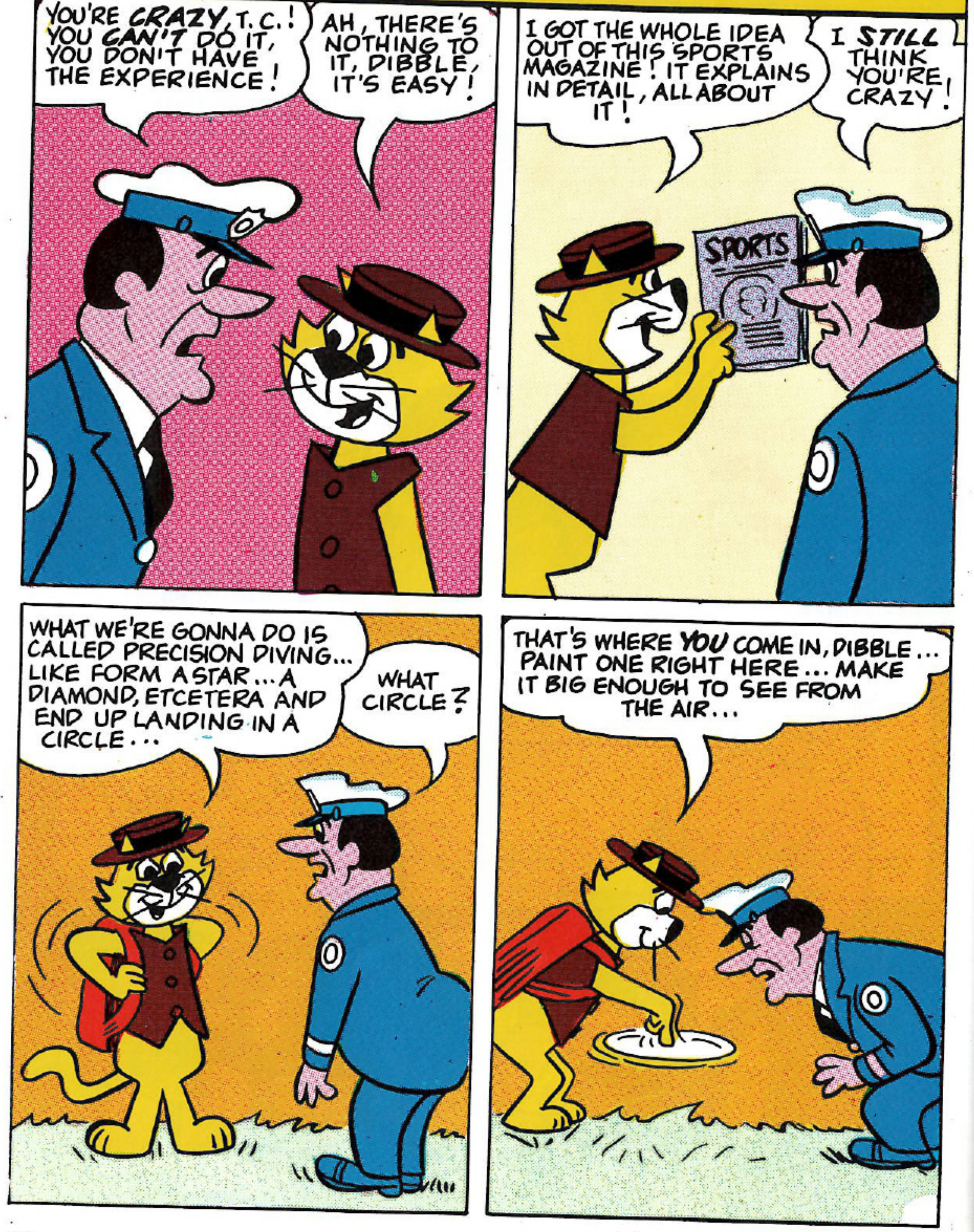
"I'm going home," sniffs Dick. "I'm feeling a bit **run-down**!"

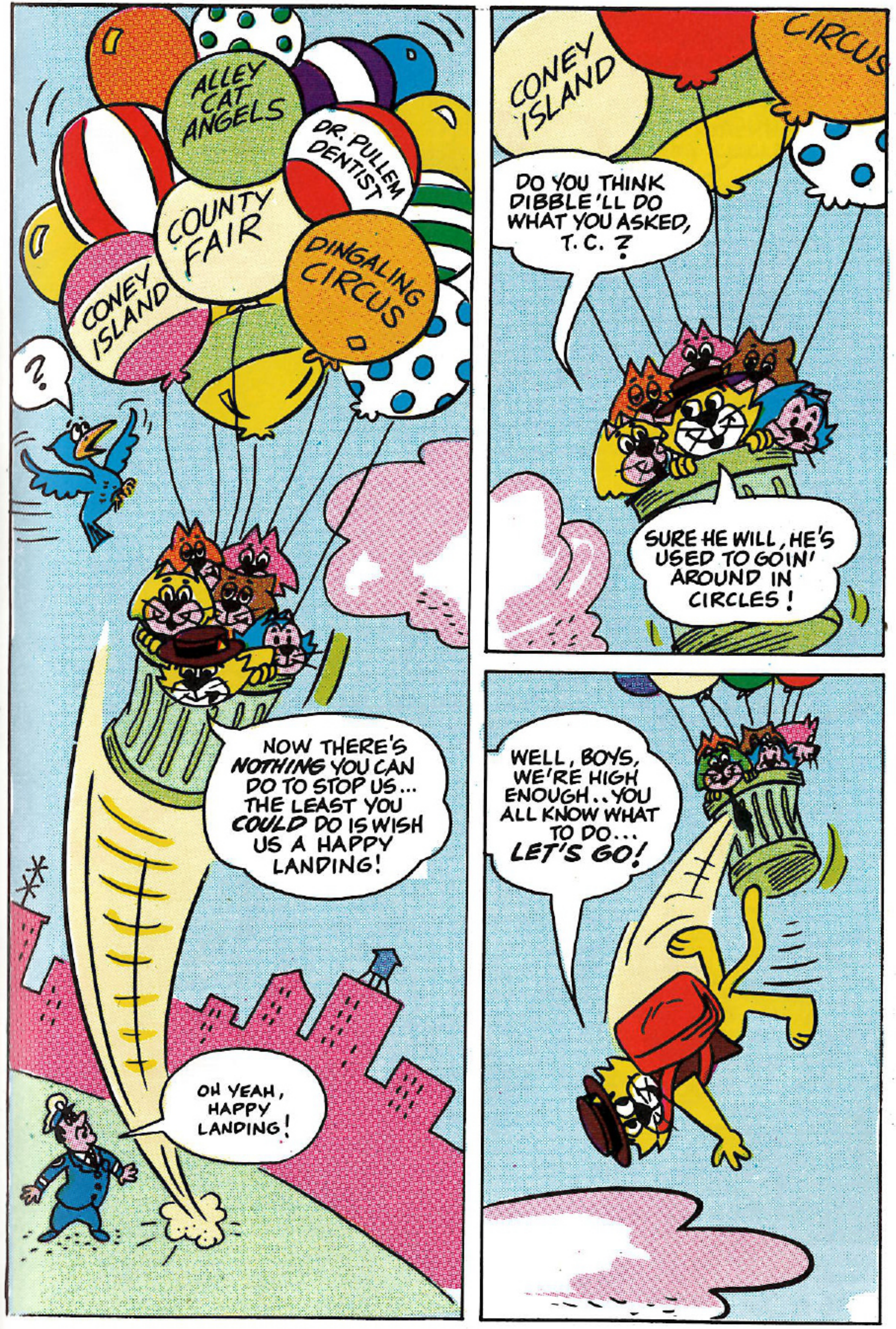
Pebbles and Bamm-Bamm Colour In

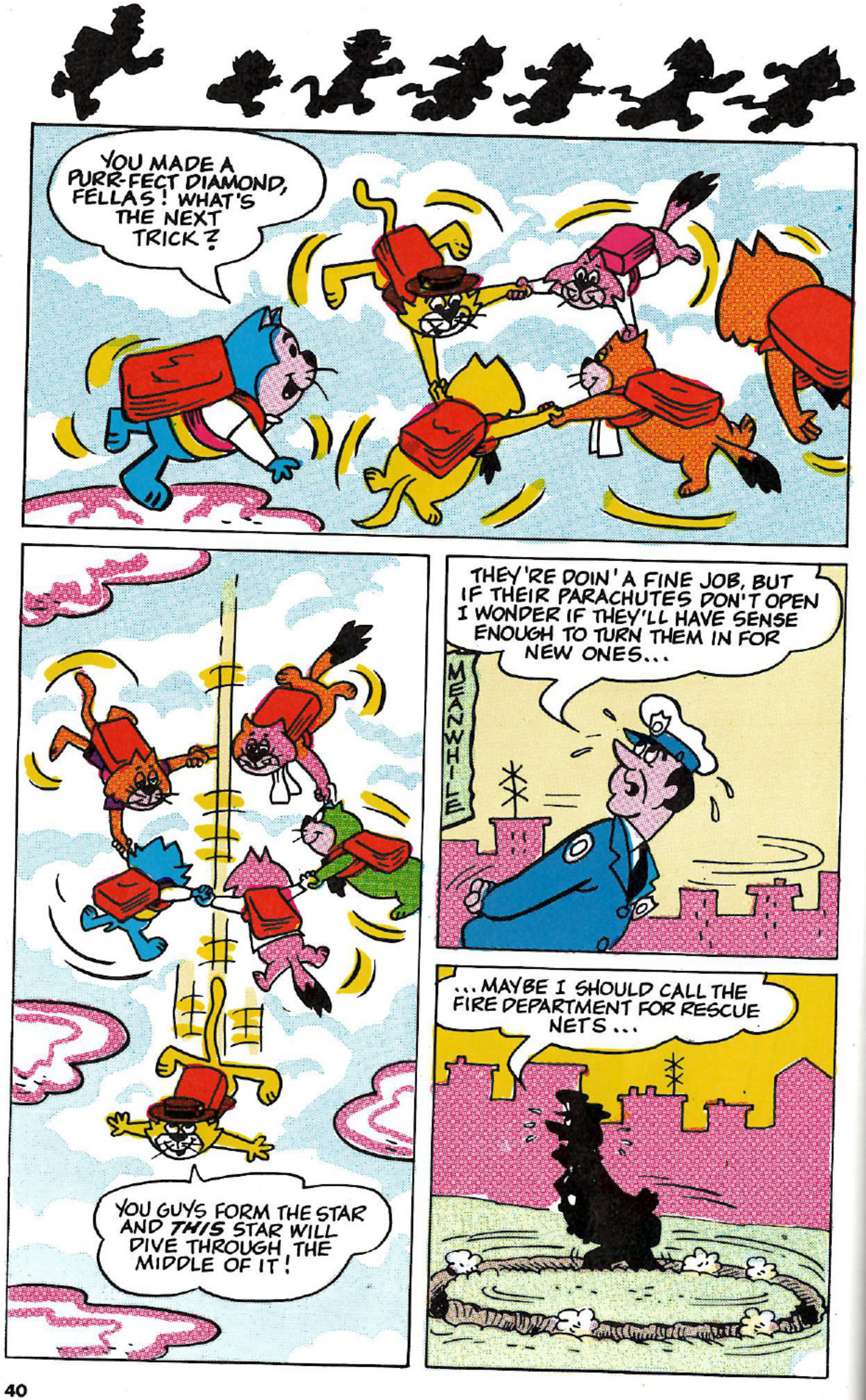
Pebbles and Bamm-Bamm have decided to become artists. They've drawn the picture; now you can colour it.

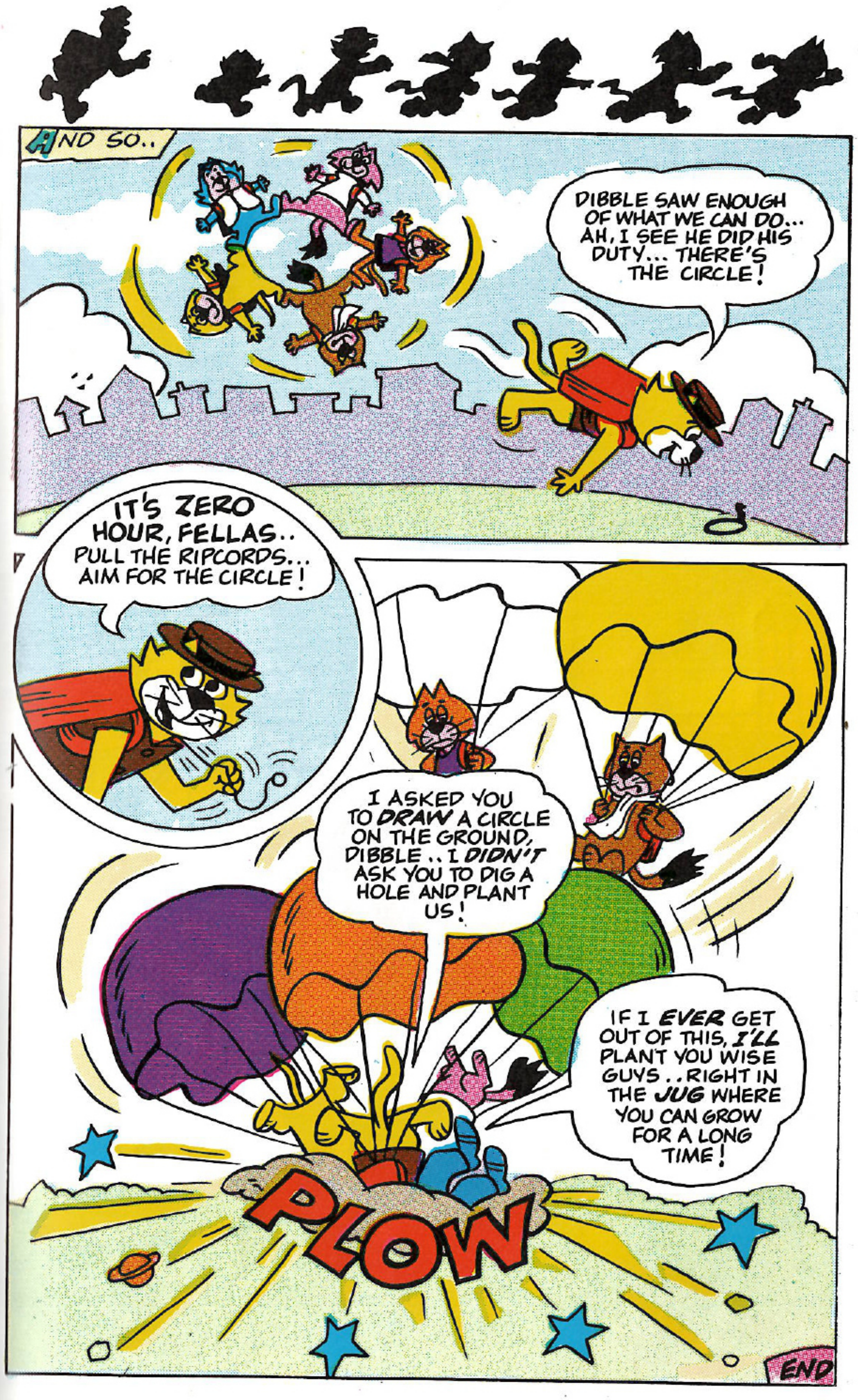


TOP CAT in SKY DIVERS


YOU'RE *CRAZY*, T.C.! YOU *CAN'T* DO IT, YOU DON'T HAVE THE EXPERIENCE!
AH, THERE'S NOTHING TO IT, DIBBLE, IT'S EASY!
I GOT THE WHOLE IDEA OUT OF THIS SPORTS MAGAZINE! IT EXPLAINS IN DETAIL, ALL ABOUT IT!
SPORTS
I *STILL* THINK YOU'RE CRAZY!
WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO IS CALLED PRECISION DIVING... LIKE FORM A STAR... A DIAMOND, ETCETERA AND END UP LANDING IN A CIRCLE...
WHAT CIRCLE?
THAT'S WHERE *YOU* COME IN, DIBBLE... PAINT ONE RIGHT HERE... MAKE IT BIG ENOUGH TO SEE FROM THE AIR...

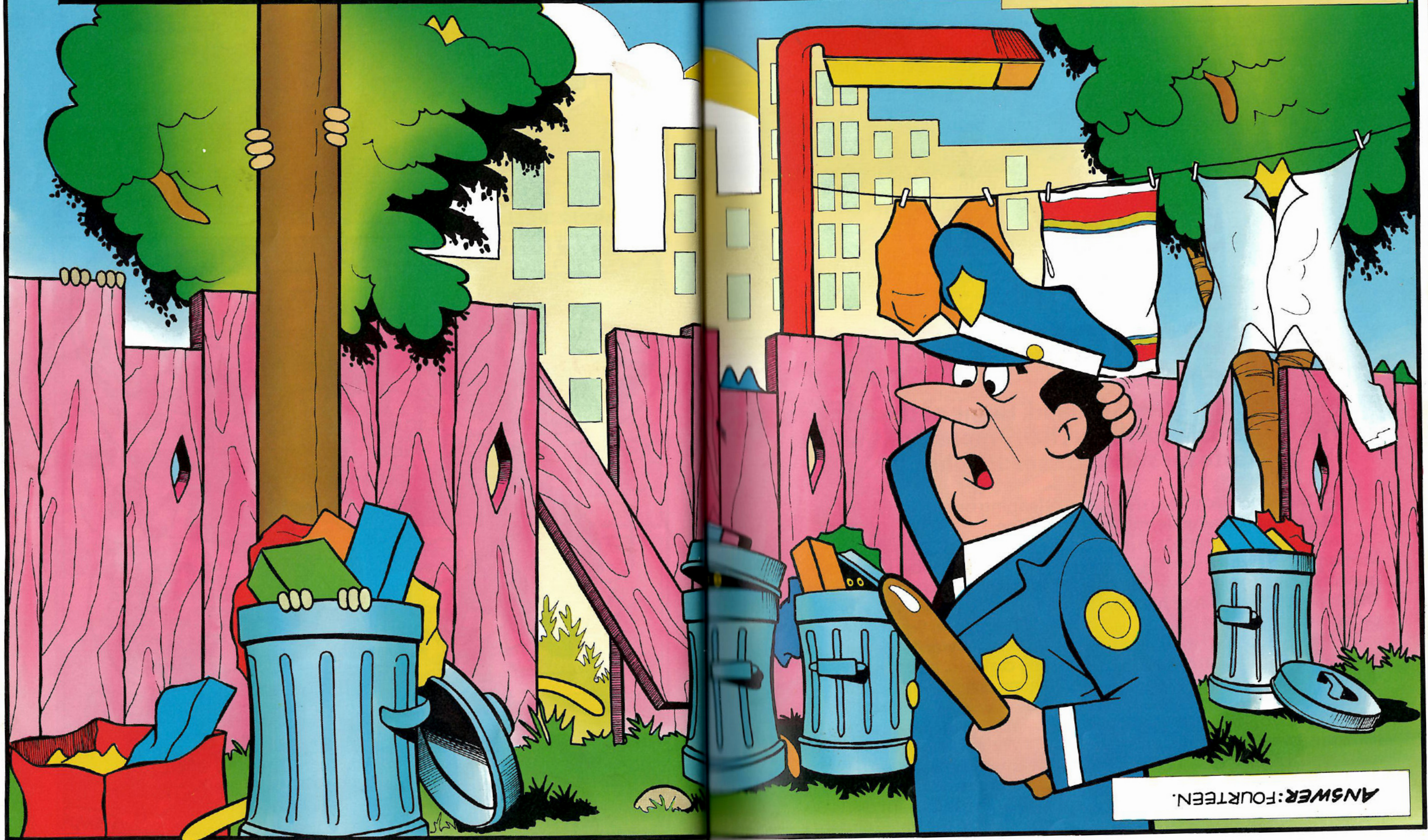

ALLEY CAT ANGELS
DR. PULLEM DENTIST
COUNTY FAIR
CONEY ISLAND
DINGALING CIRCUS
?
NOW THERE'S *NOTHING* YOU CAN DO TO STOP US... THE LEAST YOU *COULD* DO IS WISH US A HAPPY LANDING!
OH YEAH, HAPPY LANDING!
CONEY ISLAND
CIRCUS
DO YOU THINK DIBBLE'LL DO WHAT YOU ASKED, T.C.?
SURE HE WILL, HE'S USED TO GOIN' AROUND IN CIRCLES!
WELL, BOYS, WE'RE HIGH ENOUGH.. YOU ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO... *LET'S GO!*


YOU MADE A PURR-FECT DIAMOND, FELLAS! WHAT'S THE NEXT TRICK?
YOU GUYS FORM THE STAR AND *THIS* STAR WILL DIVE THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF IT!
THEY'RE DOIN' A FINE JOB, BUT IF THEIR PARACHUTES DON'T OPEN I WONDER IF THEY'LL HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO TURN THEM IN FOR NEW ONES...
MEANWHILE
...MAYBE I SHOULD CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT FOR RESCUE NETS...

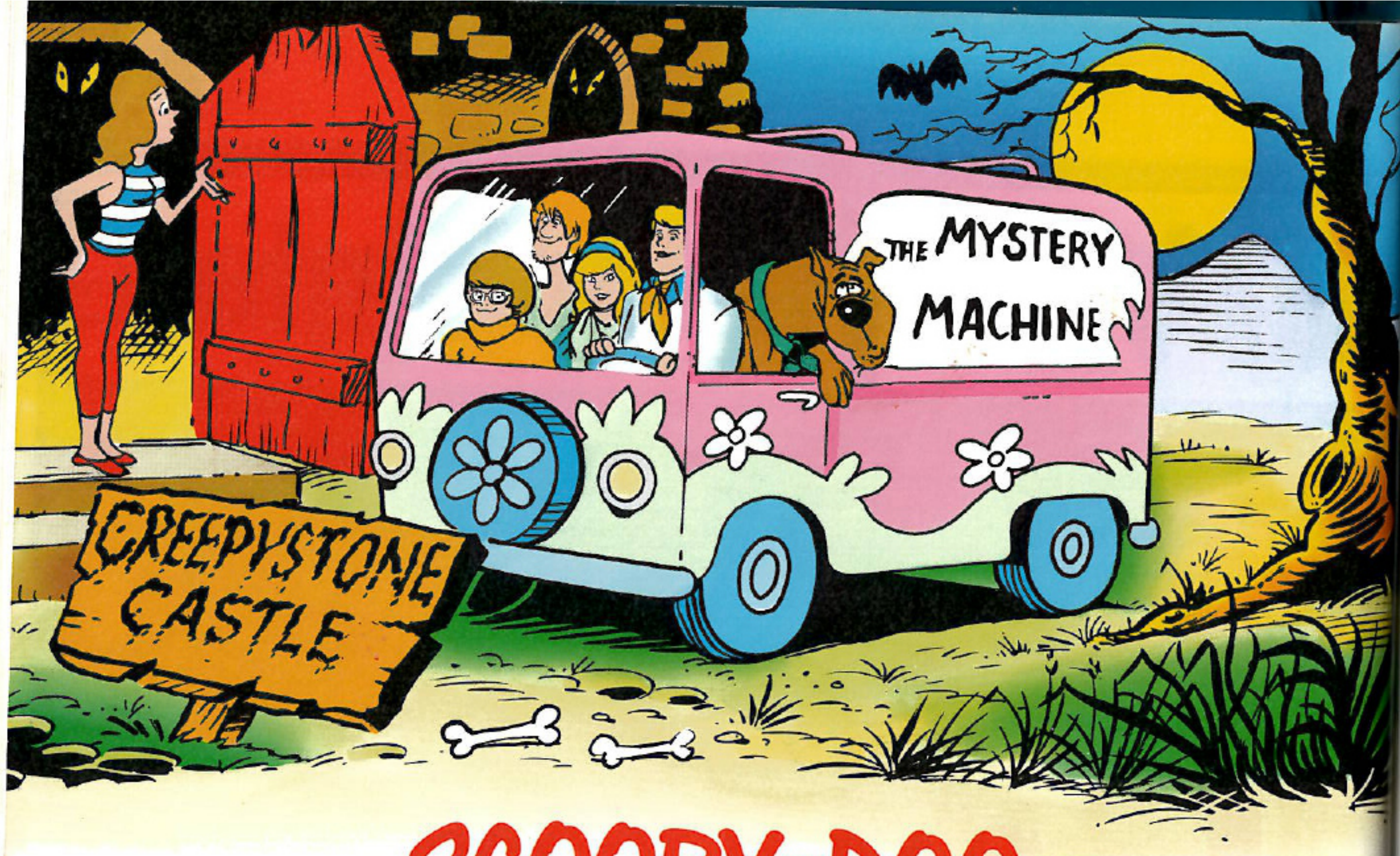

AND SO..
DIBBLE SAW ENOUGH OF WHAT WE CAN DO... AH, I SEE HE DID HIS DUTY... THERE'S THE CIRCLE!
IT'S ZERO HOUR, FELLAS.. PULL THE RIPCORDS... AIM FOR THE CIRCLE!
I ASKED YOU TO *DRAW* A CIRCLE ON THE GROUND, DIBBLE.. I *DIDN'T* ASK YOU TO DIG A HOLE AND PLANT US!
IF I *EVER* GET OUT OF THIS, *I'LL* PLANT YOU WISE GUYS.. RIGHT IN THE *JUG* WHERE YOU CAN GROW FOR A LONG TIME!
PLOW
END

Help Dibble Find Those CATS

Oh dear! Top Cat and the gang have been up to mischief again and this time Dibble's on the warpath. Where are those cats? They've gone into hiding. How many can you find?



ANSWER: FOURTEEN.



SCOOBY~DOO AND THE CREEPYSTONE HORROR

Creepystone Castle, Scotland. Home of the Horrible Horror – a hideous, huge, hairy monster. . . with a taste for sticky, cream doughnuts!

The Mystery Machine arrived at Creepystone Castle, high atop a craggy mountain in Scotland. The five mystery hunters, Fred, Thelma, Daphne, Shaggy and Scooby-Doo, had been called there by an old friend.

"It's really spooky," explained Samantha Harris. "On my uncle's death I inherited Creepystone Castle. But since I arrived the Horrible Horror has been trying to scare me away."

"H-Horrible H-Horror?" quivered Shaggy.

"Yes," went on Samantha. "It's huge, hideous and hairy. It keeps leaping out at me when I'm alone."

"That's it!" decided Shaggy. "Let's go, Scooby. I like to eat. . . and monsters ruin my appetite!"

"Me too!" barked Scooby.

Shaggy and Scooby began walking towards the front door of the castle. . . and then found themselves being pulled backwards by Fred and Thelma.

"We're not leaving," said Fred.

"We've got a mystery to solve!" beamed Thelma.

Shaggy sat down on the rim of one of the two giant china urns standing in the hall. "Groan! I thought you were going to say that!"

Ricky Rocker, Samantha's cousin, didn't believe in ghosts. "Stuff and nonsense," he said. "I've never seen this Horrible Horror. Sam's just imagining it!"

"Huh! You youngster's are noot but layaboots!" muttered Samantha's old and frail grandfather. "Ye uncle should've left the castle to me, girl! Ye won't be able to raise the money to stop the castle from being closed down!"

"Closed down?" asked Daphne.

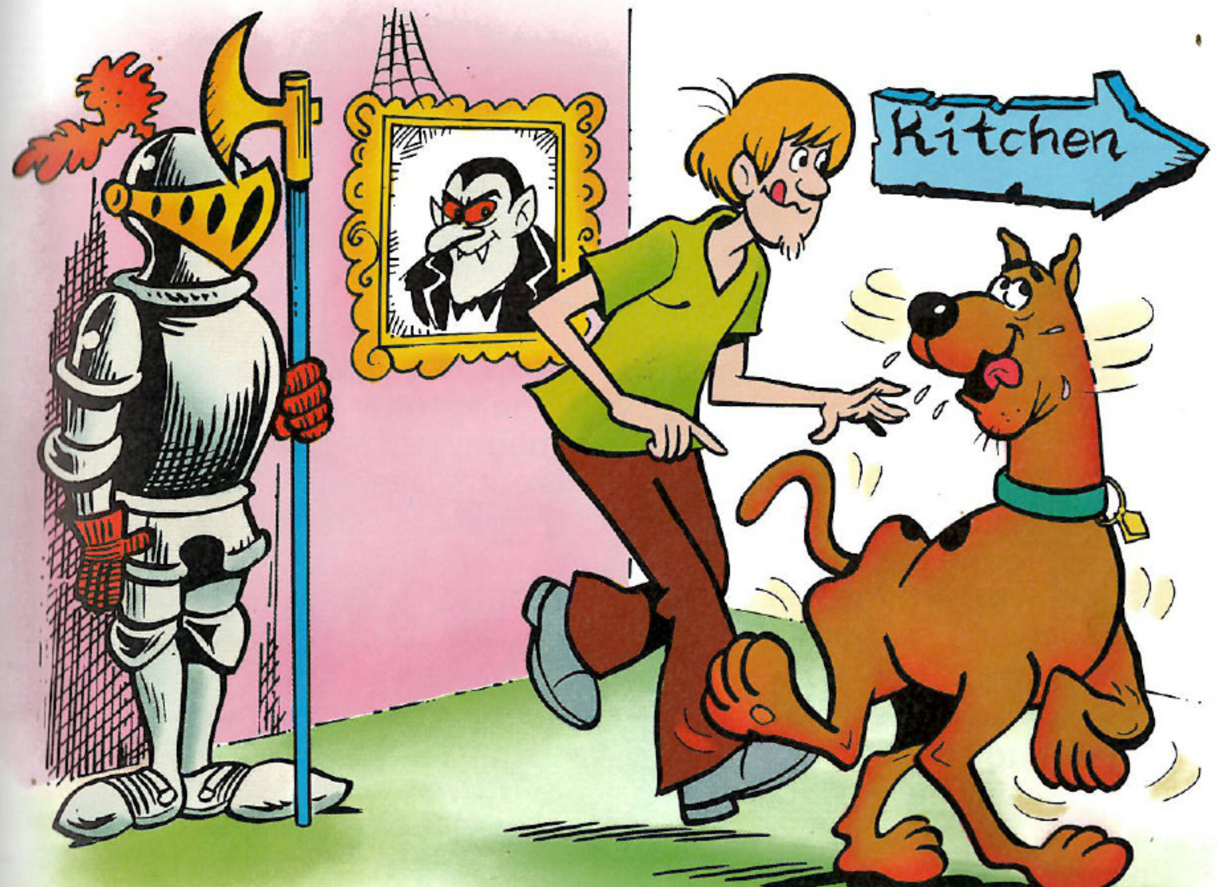
"Yes," admitted Samantha. "The Council say that the castle needs repairing otherwise they'll force us to leave."

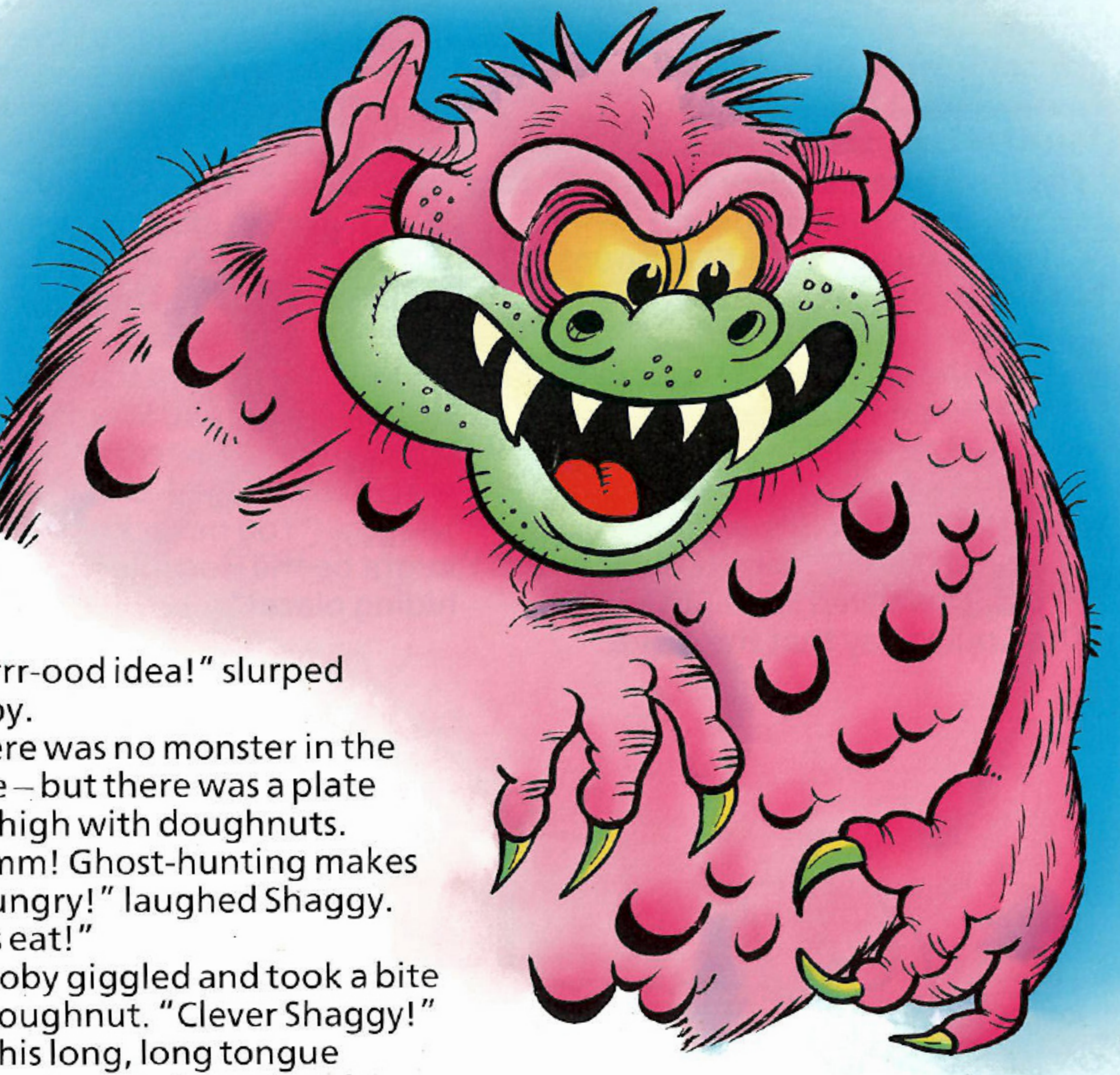
Don't worry, Sam," said Fred. "We'll clear up this mystery for you."

"We will?" sighed Shaggy. "What a good idea. . . I don't think!"

"Dooby-Dooby-Doo!" agreed Scooby, with feeling.

The gang split up to search the castle. Shaggy and Scooby headed straight for the kitchen. "Let's search the fridge," chuckled Shaggy. "You never know. It might be the Horrible Horror's hiding place!"





"Grrr-ood idea!" slurped Scooby.

There was no monster in the fridge – but there was a plate piled high with doughnuts. "Hmmm! Ghost-hunting makes me hungry!" laughed Shaggy. "Let's eat!"

Scooby giggled and took a bite of a doughnut. "Clever Shaggy!" Then his long, long tongue wrapped around the rest of the doughnuts. Scooby pulled both tongue and doughnuts back into his mouth and swallowed. "Grrr-ulp!"

"Hey! That's not fair!" cried Shaggy. "You've scoffed the lot!"

Suddenly the lights went out. When they came on again Shaggy and Scooby found themselves face-to-face with a huge, hideous hairy monster.

"The H-H-Horrible H-H-Horror!" screamed Shaggy, leaping through the opened doorway, closely followed by Scooby.

"**My Doughnuts! Rrrrrrrrr-aaaaaaa-ggggg-rrh!**" bellowed the monster, giving chase.

The two friends took to their heels, tearing up, down and around the castle. In the end Shaggy had to stop to catch his breath. "Phew! Wheeze! I. . .pant! . . .think we've. . .gasp! . . .lost him Scoob!"

"Uh oh! Grrr-no, we haven't!" howled Scooby, scootering backwards as the Horrible Horror leapt out from behind a set of curtains.

"Rrrrrrr-aaaaaa-oooo-rrrggh!" roared the monster, swiping at Scooby with its massive fist.

"Yipes! It doesn't give up!" wailed Shaggy, dashing off again, dragging Scooby behind him.

The chase was on again!

The monster chased the friends all over the castle and back again. Then it came to a carpet-tearing halt in the hall. Shaggy and Scooby had disappeared. All the monster could see were the two china urns.

Inside one of the urns, Scooby was having problems with an over-friendly spider.

"Shoo!" he whispered. The spider ignored him and climbed onto his nose. Scooby gave his head a shake. . . and overturned the urn. The urn rolled down the hall towards the monster with Scooby trapped inside!

Krrraaassssh! The urn crashed onto the monster. The monster fell backwards and smashed a hole in the wall. From out of the hole fell a small, dusty casket and landed on the monster's head. **Whaaaammm**!

The noise brought the others running up. "It's not a ghost at all," said Fred, pointing down at the dazed monster. "It must be Sam's grandfather. He didn't want her to inherit the castle."

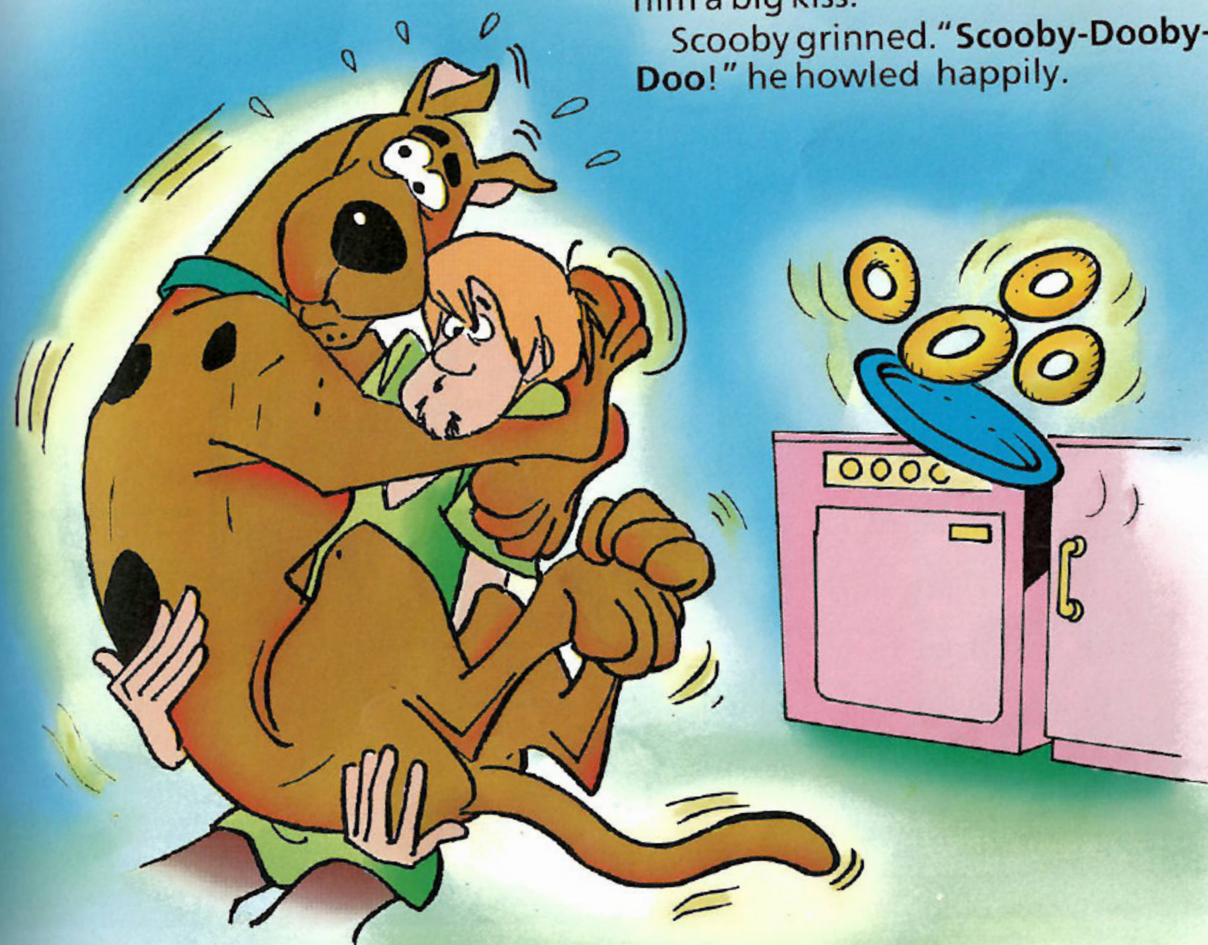
But when Daphne pulled off the monster's costumed mask they discovered it was really. . .

"Ricky Rocker!" Daphne gasped.

Ricky owned up. "I knew there was treasure hidden in this castle. That's why I tried to scare Sam away so I could have a chance to find it!"

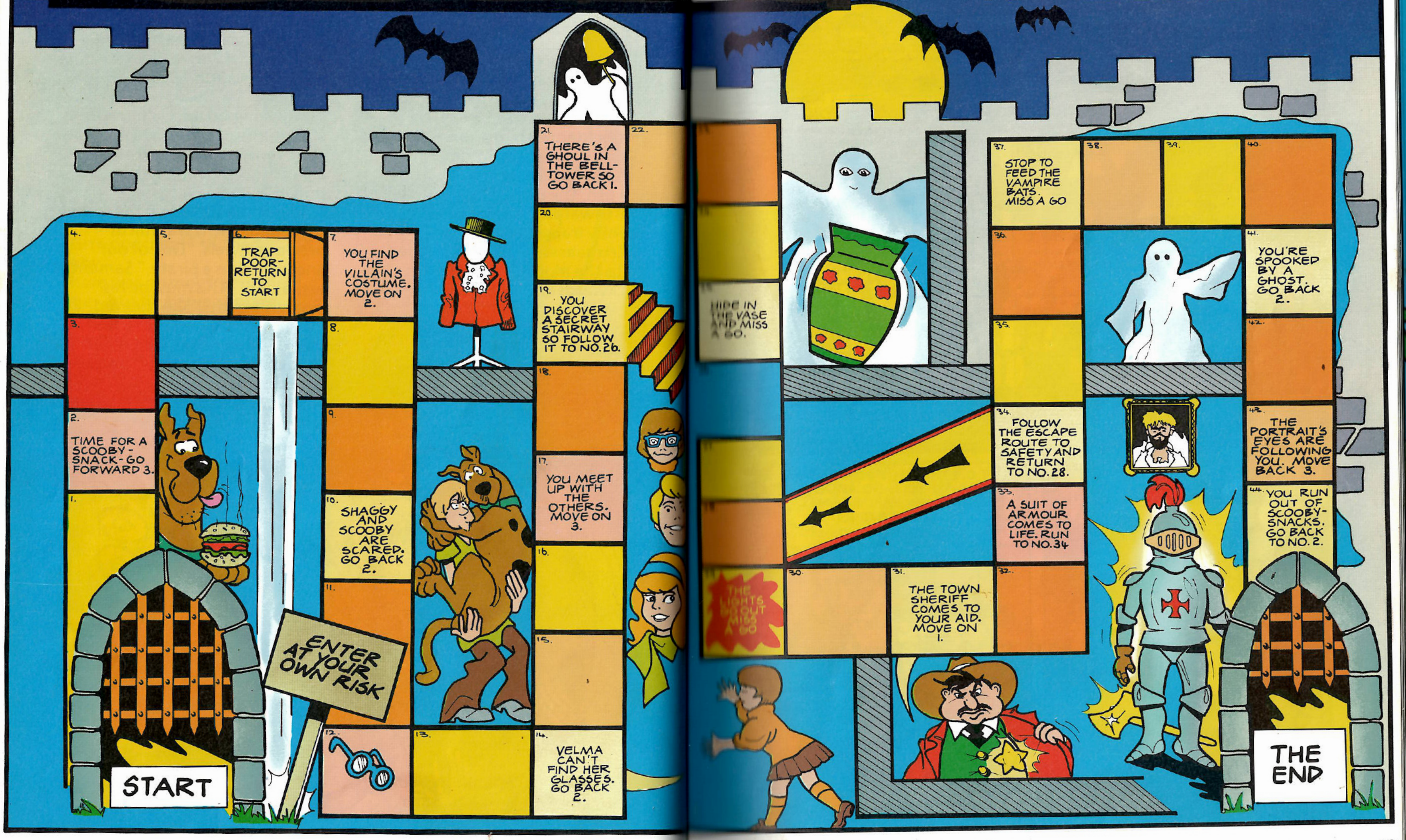
Samantha picked up the casket and opened it. It was full of precious jewels. "One of our ancestors was a pirate," Samantha explained. "This must be his booty. I'm rich!" She cheered. "Now I can save my castle from being closed down. And it's all thanks to you, Scooby." She gave him a big kiss.

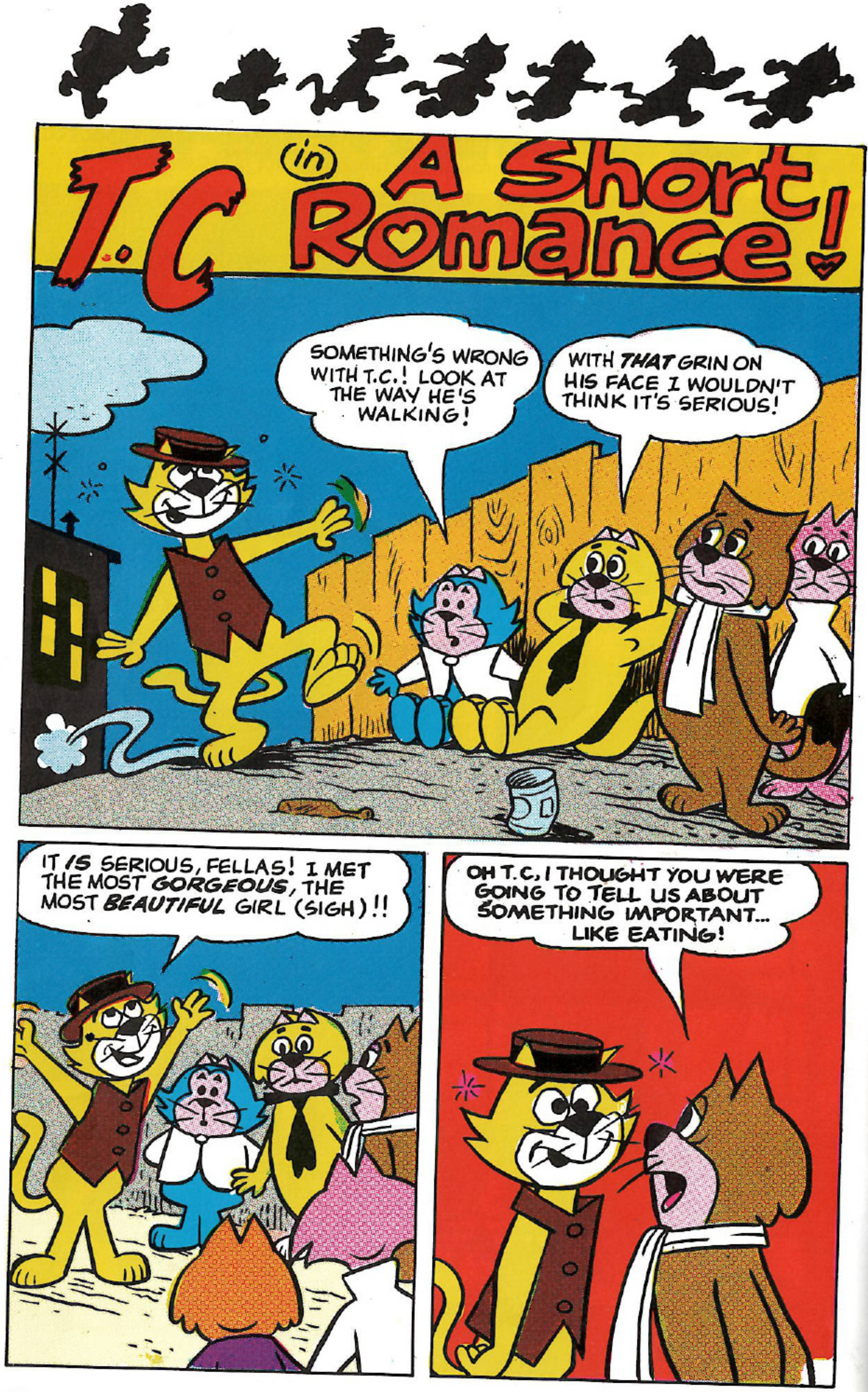
Scooby grinned. "**Scooby-Dooby-Doo**!" he howled happily.

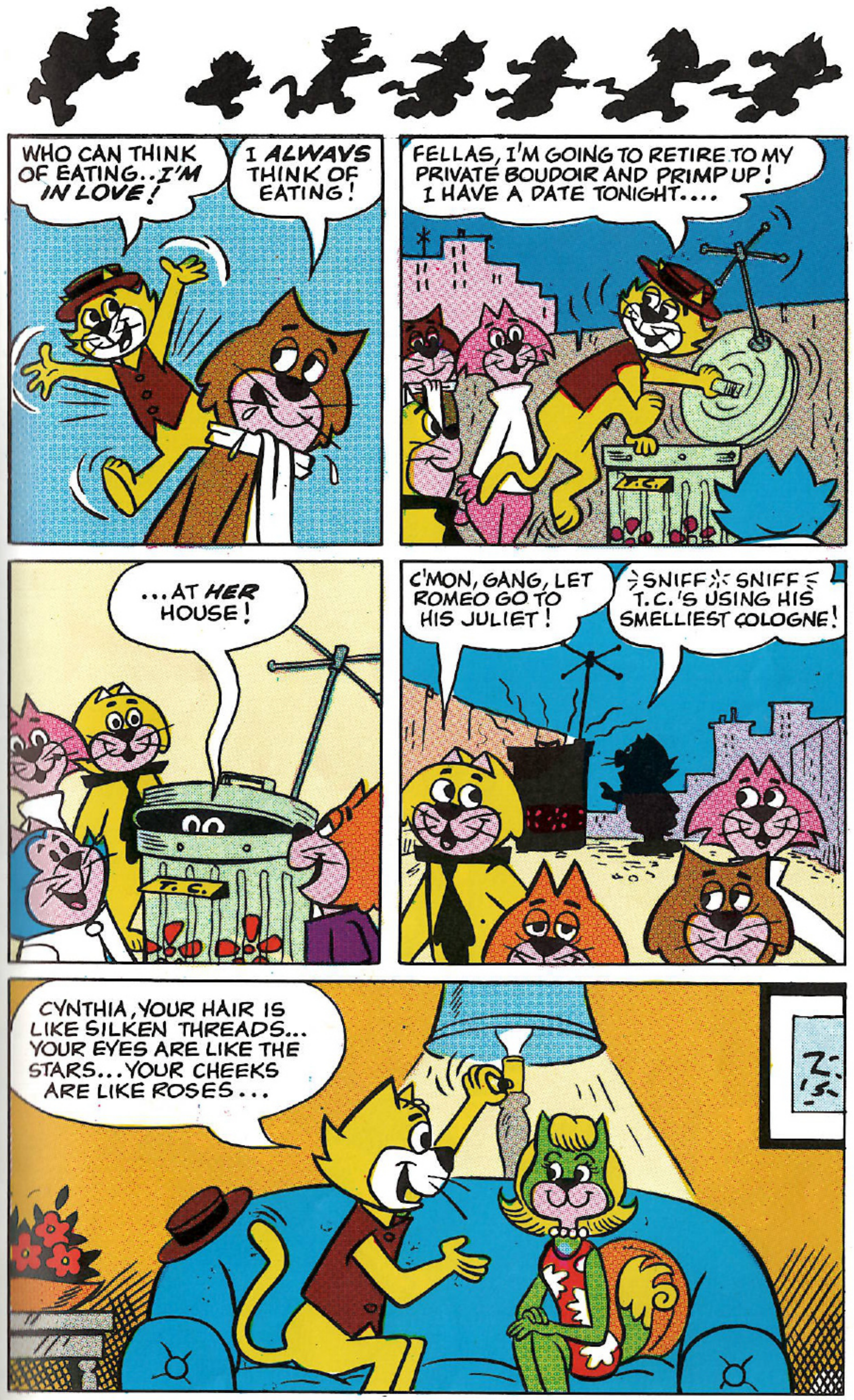


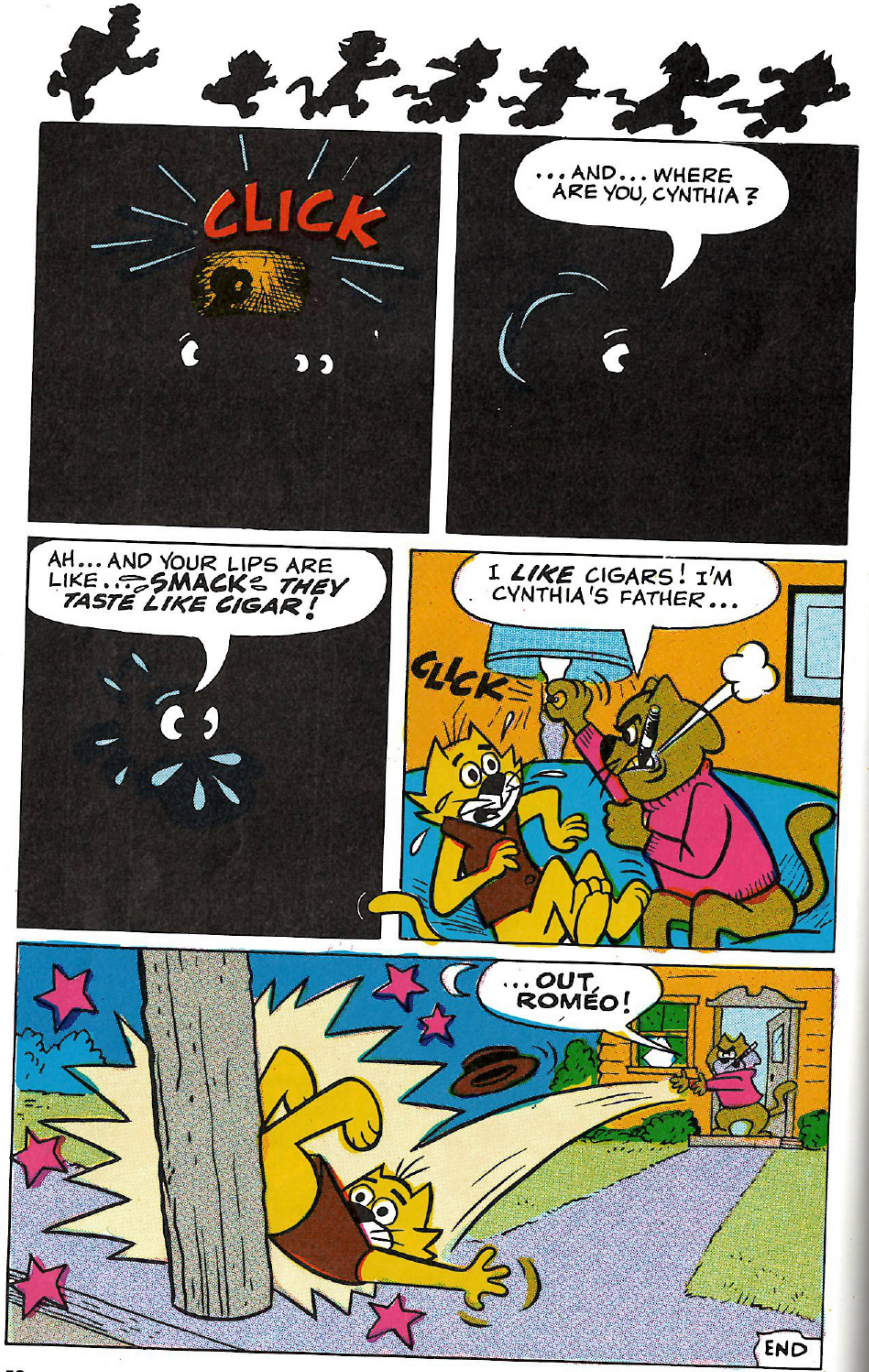
Scooby's HAUNTED CASTLE Board Game

To join Scooby and the gang on their adventure in the haunted castle, all you will need is a dice, some counters and two or more players. Simply throw a six to start and prepare to be spooked! The first one through the finishing gate is the winner.


START
1.
2. TIME FOR A SCOOBY-SNACK-GO FORWARD 3.
3.
4.
5.
6. TRAP DOOR-RETURN TO START
7. YOU FIND THE VILLAIN'S COSTUME. MOVE ON 2.
8.
9.
10. SHAGGY AND SCOOBY ARE SCARED. GO BACK 2.
11.
12.
13.
14. VELMA CAN'T FIND HER GLASSES. GO BACK 2.
15.
16.
17. YOU MEET UP WITH THE OTHERS. MOVE ON 3.
18.
19. YOU DISCOVER A SECRET STAIRWAY SO FOLLOW IT TO NO. 26.
20.
21. THERE'S A GHOUL IN THE BELL-TOWER SO GO BACK 1.
22.
ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK
HIDE IN THE VASE AND MISS A GO.
THE LIGHTS GO OUT MISS A GO
30.
31. THE TOWN SHERIFF COMES TO YOUR AID. MOVE ON 1.
32.
33. A SUIT OF ARMOUR COMES TO LIFE. RUN TO NO. 34
34. FOLLOW THE ESCAPE ROUTE TO SAFETY AND RETURN TO NO. 28.
35.
36.
37. STOP TO FEED THE VAMPIRE BATS. MISS A GO
38.
39.
40.
41. YOU'RE SPOOKED BY A GHOST. GO BACK 2.
42.
43. THE PORTRAIT'S EYES ARE FOLLOWING YOU. MOVE BACK 3.
44. YOU RUN OUT OF SCOOBY-SNACKS. GO BACK TO NO. 2.
THE END

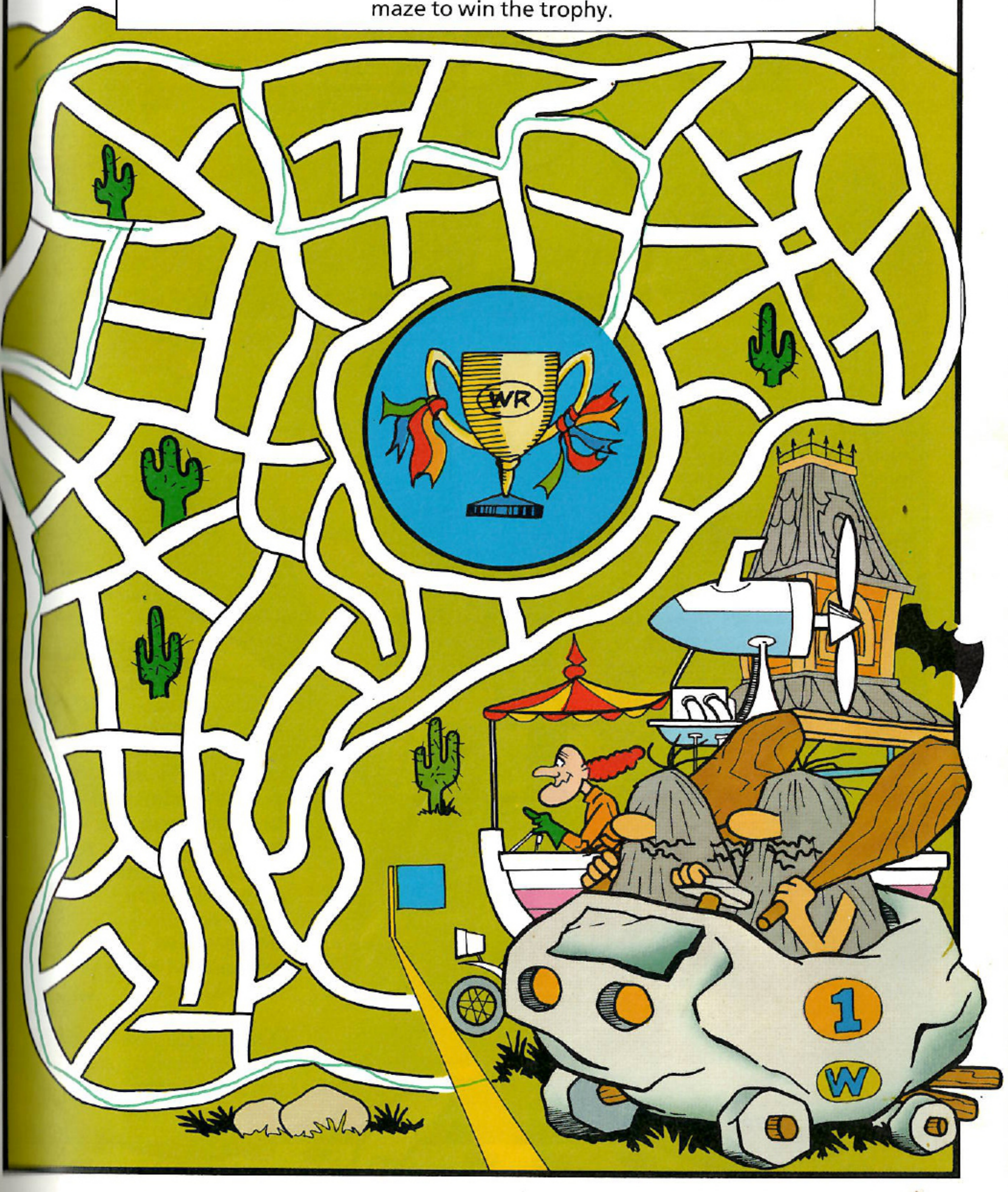

T.C in A Short Romance!
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH T.C.! LOOK AT THE WAY HE'S WALKING!
WITH *THAT* GRIN ON HIS FACE I WOULDN'T THINK IT'S SERIOUS!
IT *IS* SERIOUS, FELLAS! I MET THE MOST *GORGEOUS*, THE MOST *BEAUTIFUL* GIRL (SIGH)!!
OH T.C., I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO TELL US ABOUT SOMETHING IMPORTANT... LIKE EATING!


WHO CAN THINK OF EATING.. *I'M IN LOVE!*
I *ALWAYS* THINK OF EATING!
FELLAS, I'M GOING TO RETIRE TO MY PRIVATE BOUDOIR AND PRIMP UP! I HAVE A DATE TONIGHT....
T.C.
...AT *HER* HOUSE!
T.C.
C'MON, GANG, LET ROMEO GO TO HIS JULIET!
SNIFF SNIFF T.C.'S USING HIS SMELLIEST COLOGNE!
CYNTHIA, YOUR HAIR IS LIKE SILKEN THREADS... YOUR EYES ARE LIKE THE STARS... YOUR CHEEKS ARE LIKE ROSES...


CLICK
...AND...WHERE ARE YOU, CYNTHIA?
AH...AND YOUR LIPS ARE LIKE...SMACK THEY TASTE LIKE CIGAR!
CLICK
I LIKE CIGARS! I'M CYNTHIA'S FATHER...
...OUT, ROMÉO!
END

The Wacky Maze

Those Wacky Racers are off again. Help your favourite through the maze to win the trophy.



Fun Recipes With The Flintstones

Fred never says no to a filling snack and here's his favourite recipe for you to make at home.

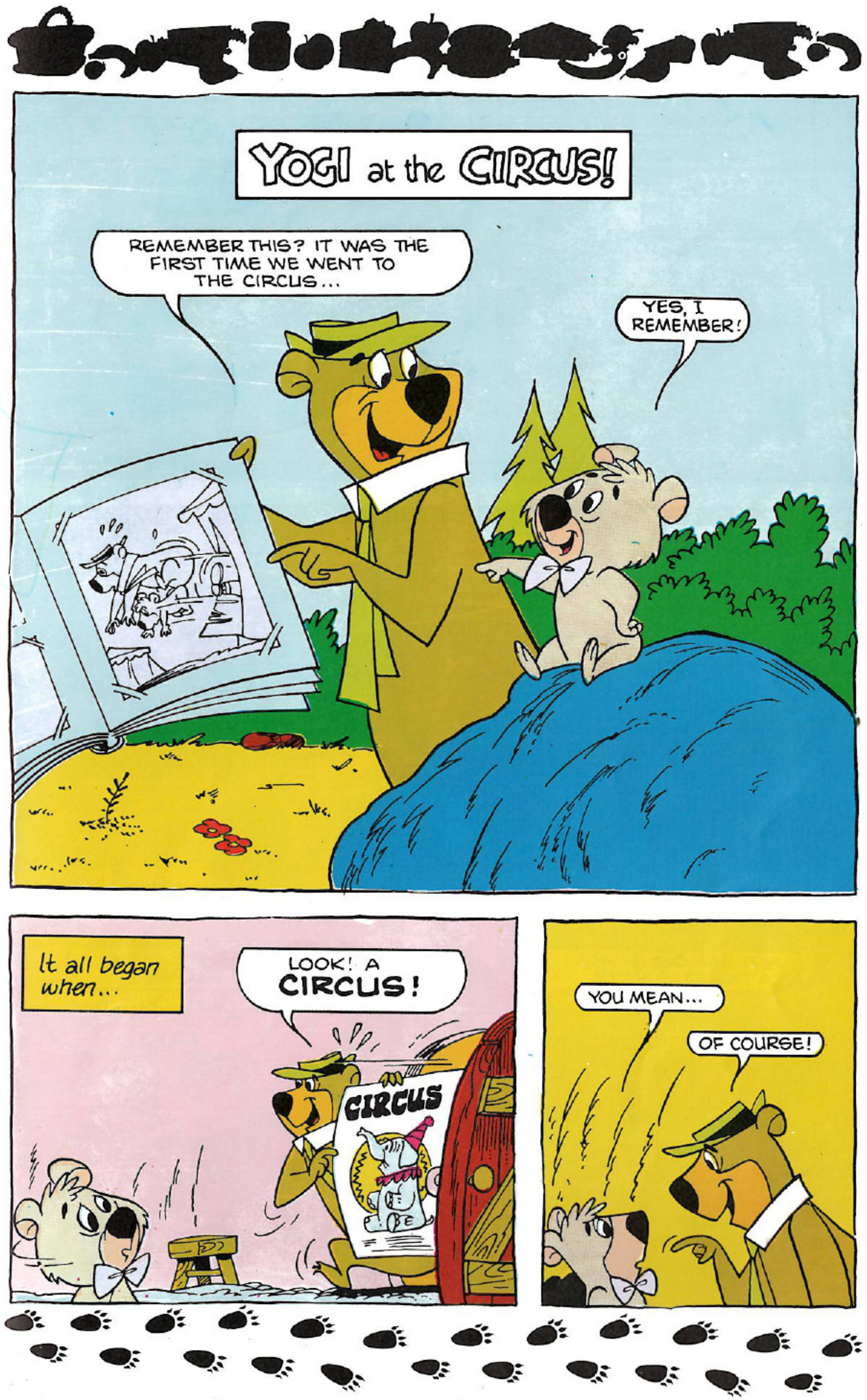
Fred's Triceratops Burger

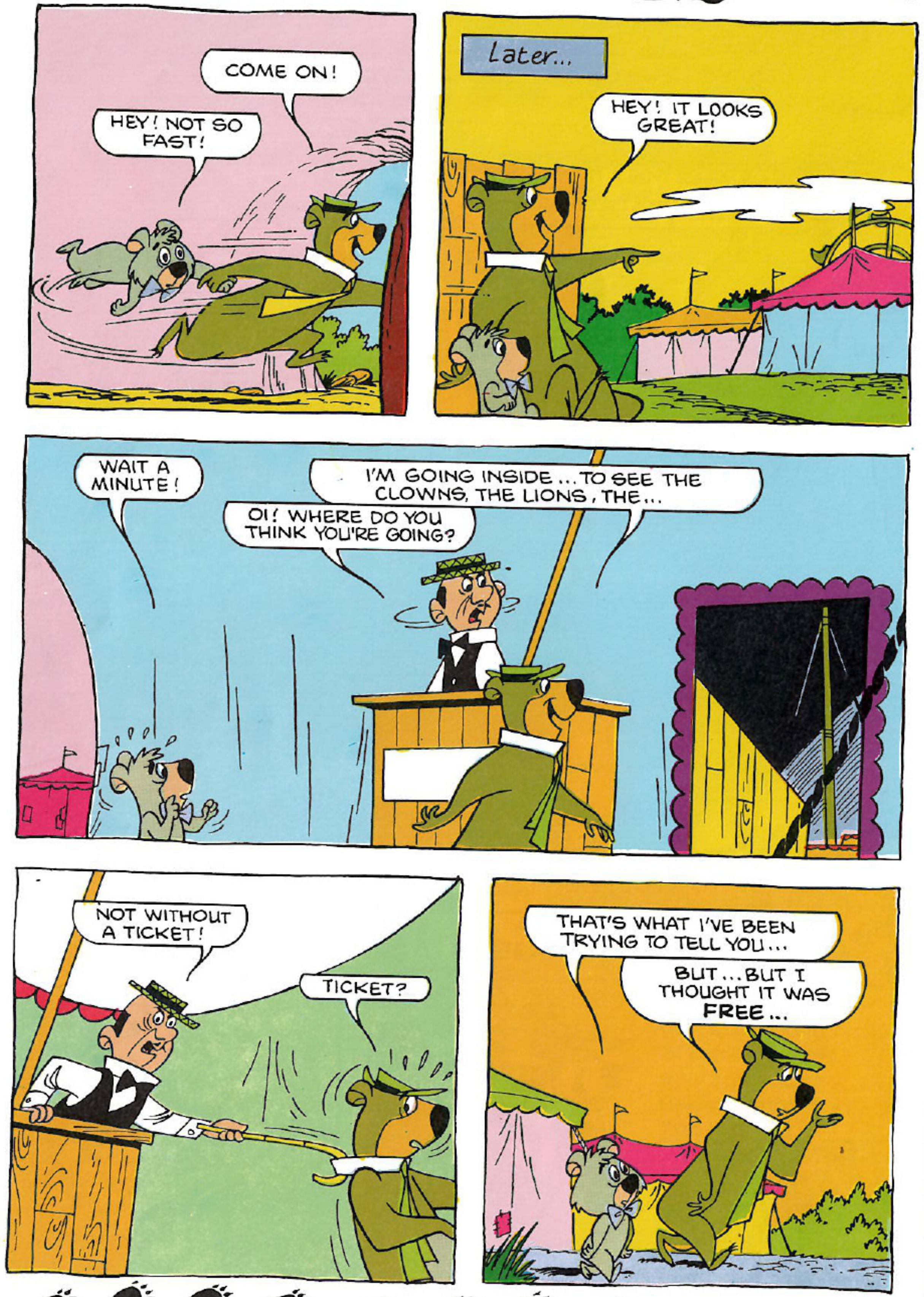
For this Stone Age recipe, you will need:

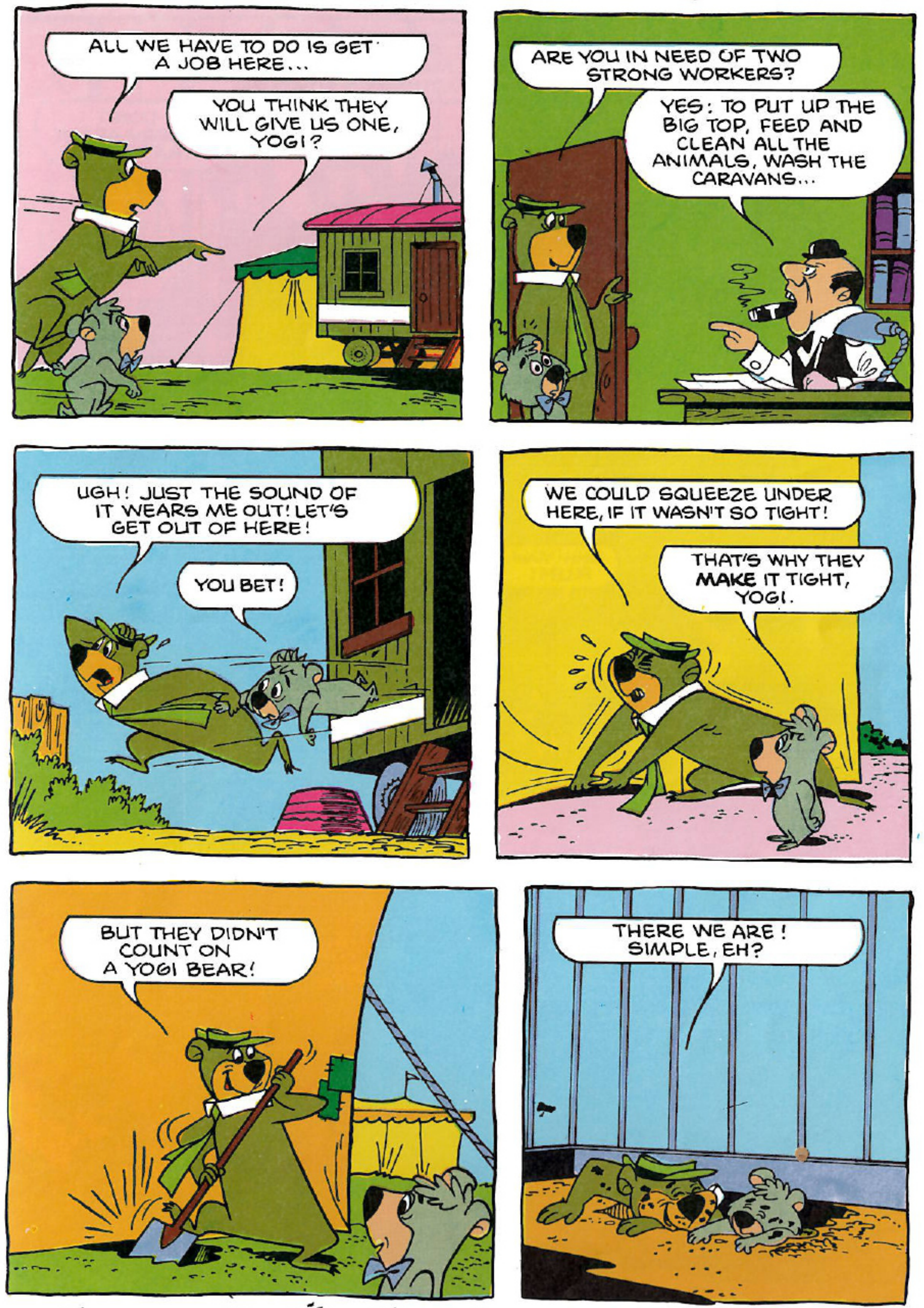
A buttered roll;
A slice of ham;
A lettuce leaf;
A couple of carrot slices;
Some pieces of cucumber cut into spiky shapes.

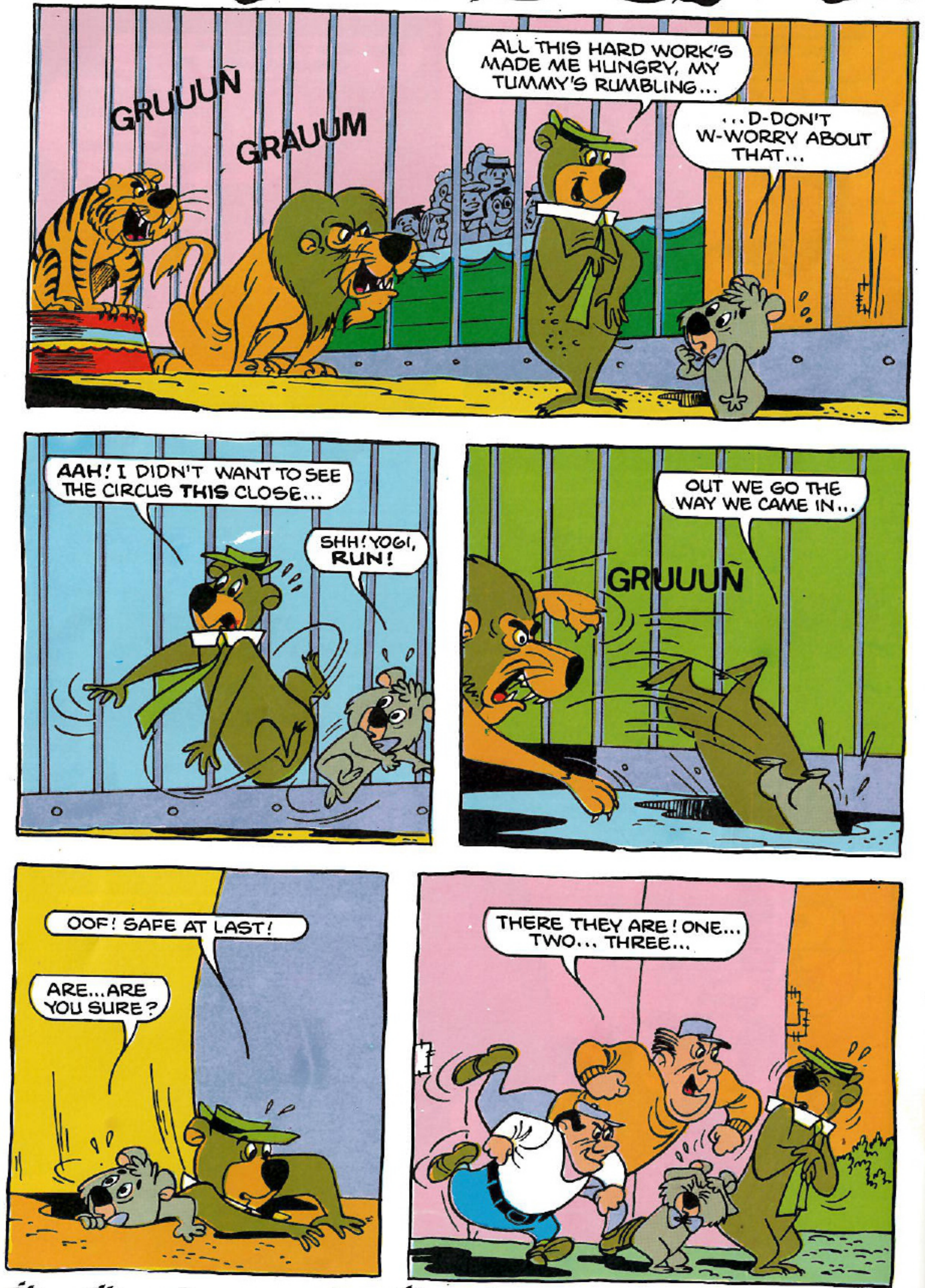
What you will need to do:

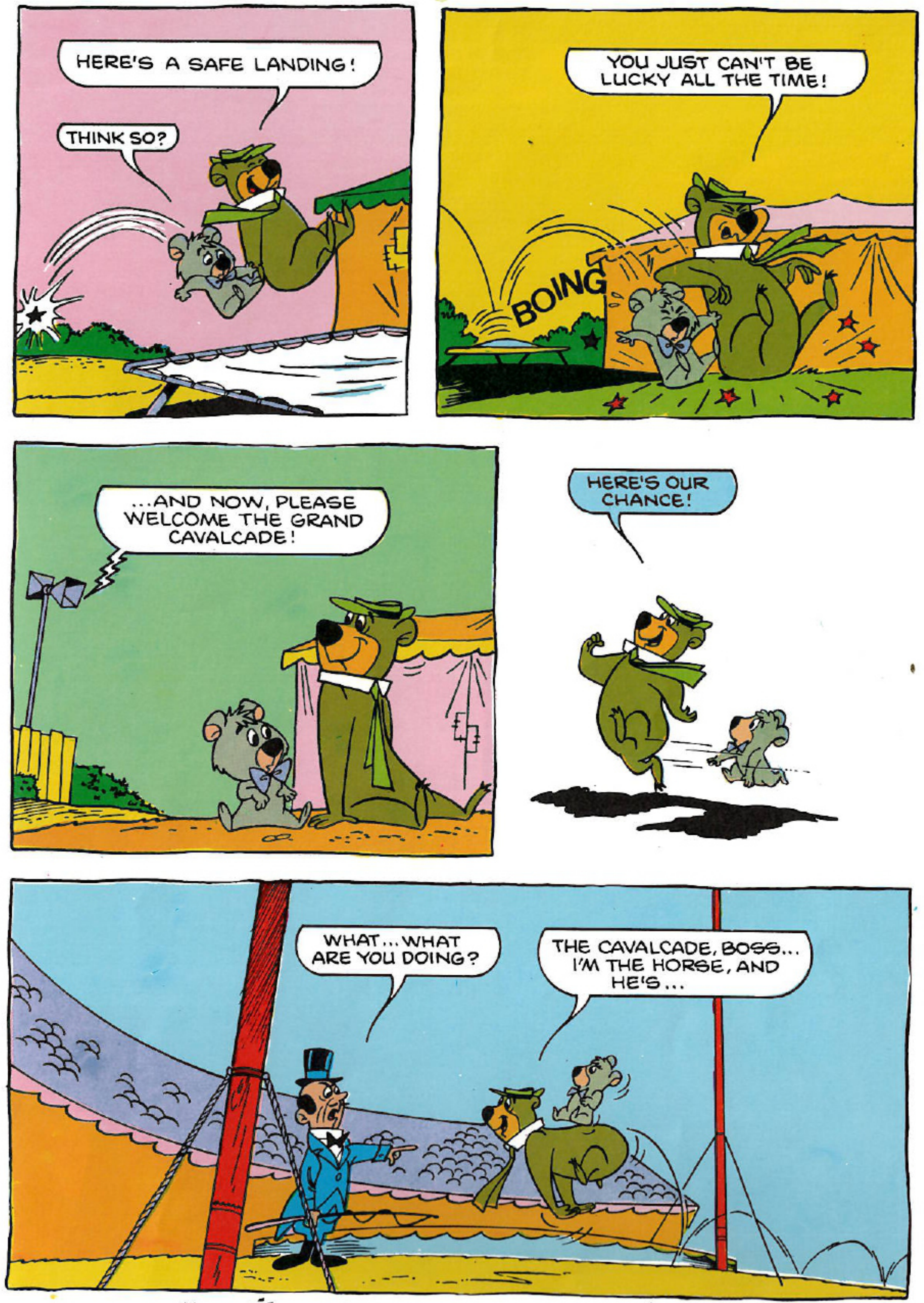
Take a buttered bread roll and put the ham inside. Stand your ham roll on a plate with a lettuce leaf behind it to form the collar. Use pieces of cucumber cut into spiky shapes, and push them into the bread to form the horns. Add two slices of carrot to form eyes and you're ready to munch in! You can also experiment to make other kinds of dinosaurburger, but don't forget, always get a grown up to do any cooking or cutting for you.

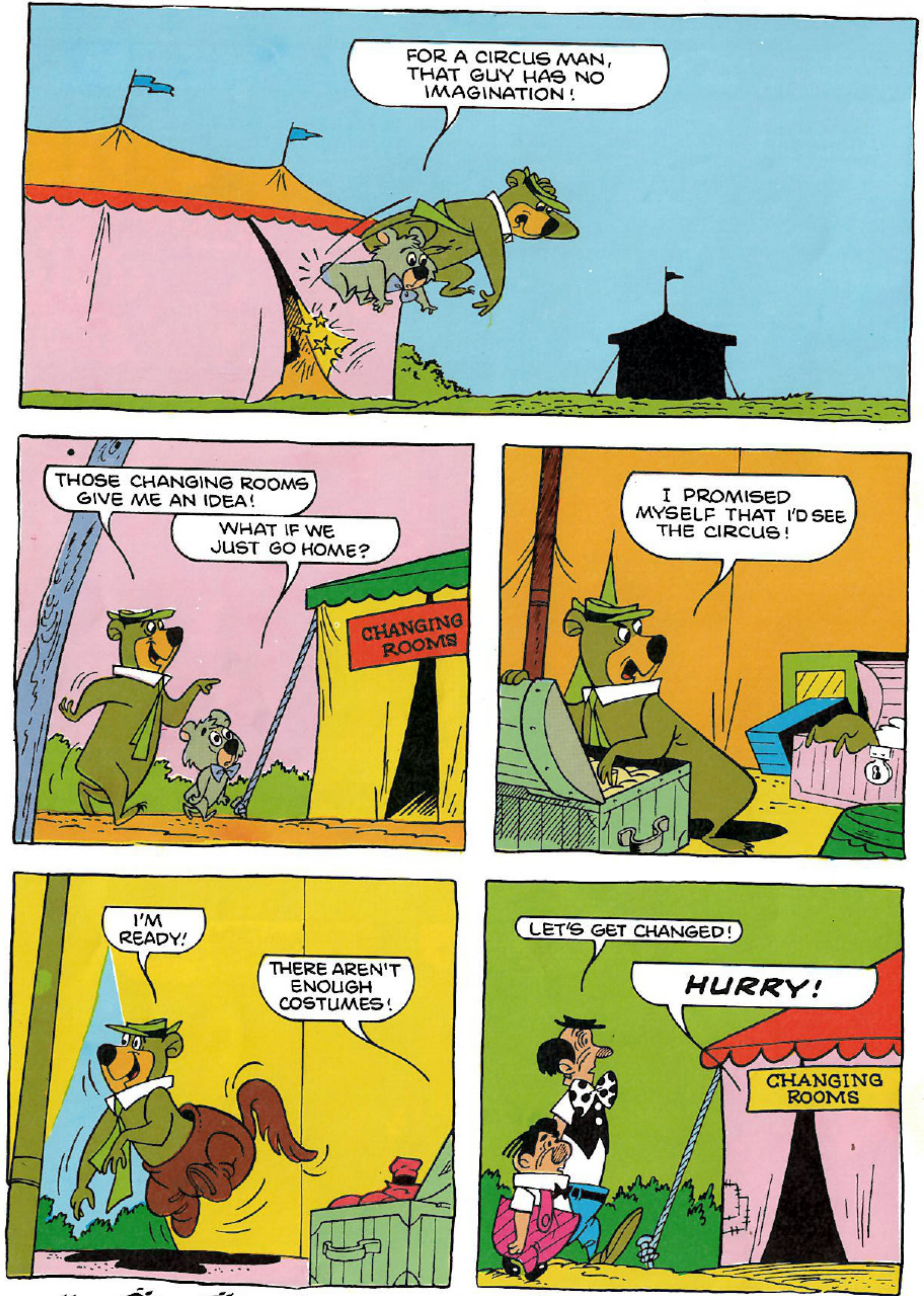

YOGI at the CIRCUS!
REMEMBER THIS? IT WAS THE FIRST TIME WE WENT TO THE CIRCUS...
YES, I REMEMBER!
It all began when...
LOOK! A CIRCUS!
CIRCUS
YOU MEAN...
OF COURSE!

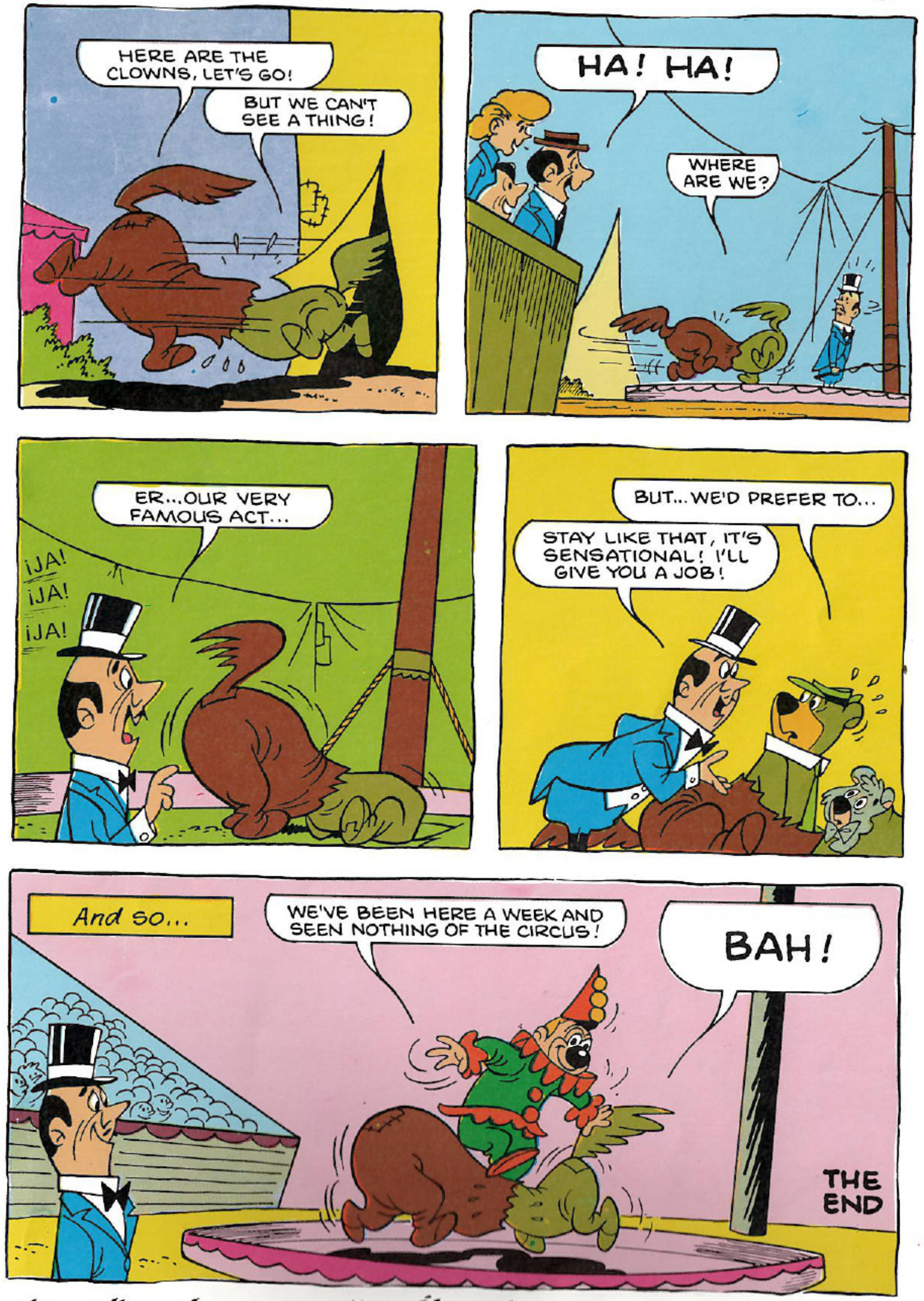

COME ON!
HEY! NOT SO FAST!
Later...
HEY! IT LOOKS GREAT!
WAIT A MINUTE!
I'M GOING INSIDE... TO SEE THE CLOWNS, THE LIONS, THE...
OI! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
NOT WITHOUT A TICKET!
TICKET?
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU...
BUT... BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS **FREE**...

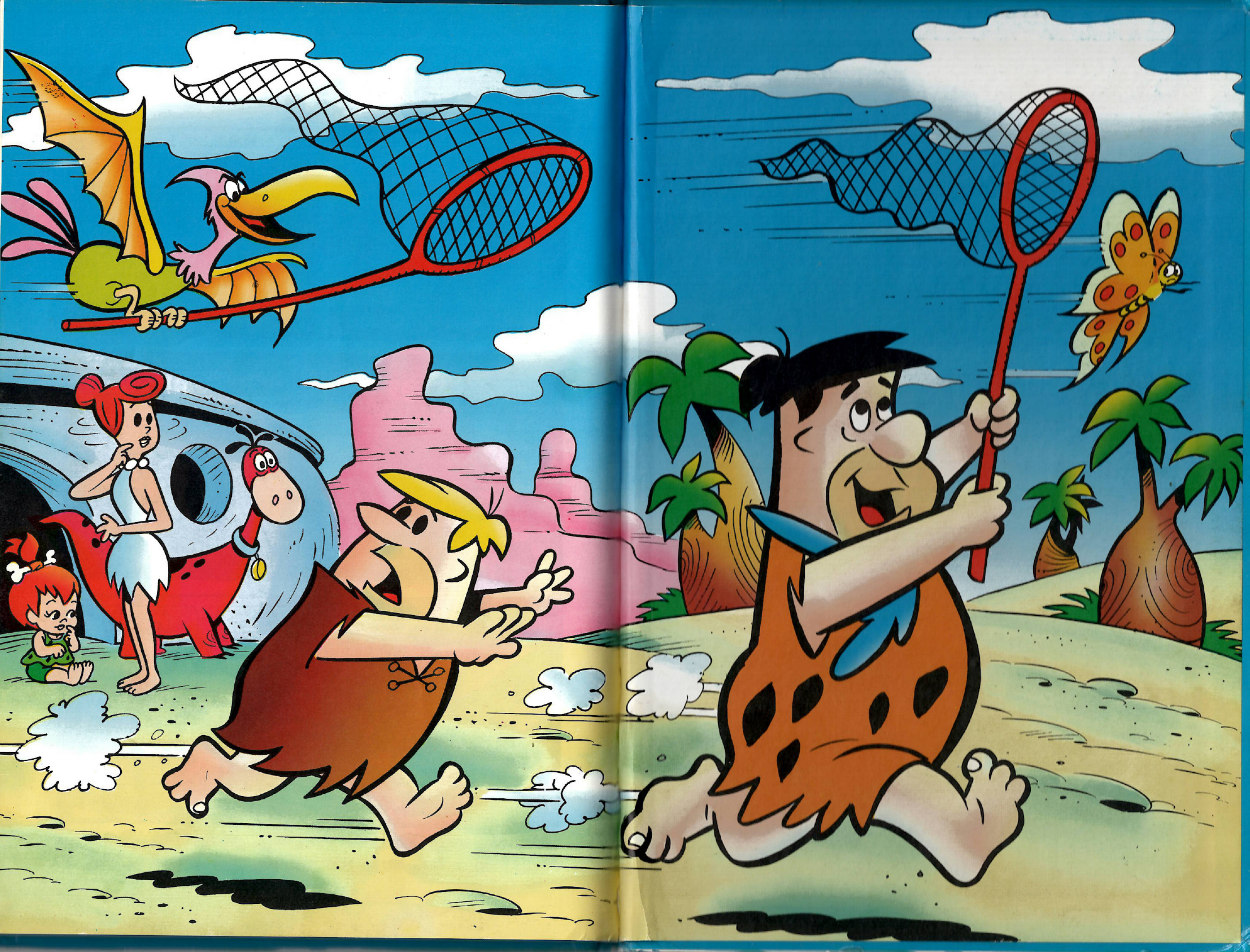

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET A JOB HERE...
YOU THINK THEY WILL GIVE US ONE, YOGI?
ARE YOU IN NEED OF TWO STRONG WORKERS?
YES: TO PUT UP THE BIG TOP, FEED AND CLEAN ALL THE ANIMALS, WASH THE CARAVANS...
UGH! JUST THE SOUND OF IT WEARS ME OUT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
YOU BET!
WE COULD SQUEEZE UNDER HERE, IF IT WASN'T SO TIGHT!
THAT'S WHY THEY **MAKE** IT TIGHT, YOGI.
BUT THEY DIDN'T COUNT ON A YOGI BEAR!
THERE WE ARE! SIMPLE, EH?


GRUUUÑ
GRAUUM
ALL THIS HARD WORK'S MADE ME HUNGRY, MY TUMMY'S RUMBLING...
...D-DON'T W-WORRY ABOUT THAT...
AAH! I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE THE CIRCUS **THIS** CLOSE...
SHH! YOGI, **RUN!**
OUT WE GO THE WAY WE CAME IN...
GRUUUÑ
OOF! SAFE AT LAST!
ARE...ARE YOU SURE?
THERE THEY ARE! ONE... TWO... THREE...


HERE'S A SAFE LANDING!
THINK SO?
YOU JUST CAN'T BE LUCKY ALL THE TIME!
BOING
...AND NOW, PLEASE WELCOME THE GRAND CAVALCADE!
HERE'S OUR CHANCE!
WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THE CAVALCADE, BOSS... I'M THE HORSE, AND HE'S...


FOR A CIRCUS MAN, THAT GUY HAS NO IMAGINATION!
THOSE CHANGING ROOMS GIVE ME AN IDEA!
WHAT IF WE JUST GO HOME?
CHANGING ROOMS
I PROMISED MYSELF THAT I'D SEE THE CIRCUS!
I'M READY!
THERE AREN'T ENOUGH COSTUMES!
LET'S GET CHANGED!
HURRY!
CHANGING ROOMS


HERE ARE THE CLOWNS, LET'S GO!
BUT WE CAN'T SEE A THING!
HA! HA!
WHERE ARE WE?
¡JA! ¡JA! ¡JA!
ER...OUR VERY FAMOUS ACT...
BUT... WE'D PREFER TO...
STAY LIKE THAT, IT'S SENSATIONAL! I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB!
And so...
WE'VE BEEN HERE A WEEK AND SEEN NOTHING OF THE CIRCUS!
BAH!
THE END



THE FLINTSTONES™ AND FRIENDS

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